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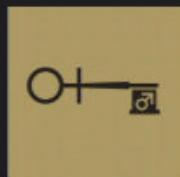
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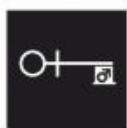
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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



CONTENTS

- 2 || SALUTATIONS**
- 4 || KINKY COUGARS**
Prowling for a few good men – sex kittens beware!
- 12 || PICTORIAL:
AVA & ERIK**
- 22 || SUCK A WHAT?**
Just put your lips together and blow
- 30 || PICTORIAL:
JANA & KAYDEN**
- 38 || EROTICA**
Sugar Baby
A desperate college student decides to sell her virginity, but what she gets is a passionate affair.
By Kay Powers
- 44 || LETTER OF THE MONTH**
Sapphic Sirens
- 50 || PICTORIAL:
ADRIENNE, ALEXIS & RYAN**
- 58 || SPOTLIGHT ON
SERENDIPITY**
The Lonely Hearts Club
Sometimes an intense, inspired romance will walk right into you - literally!
By Bridget Mills
- 64 || CARNALCOPIA**
A piquant potpourri with a little bit of everything
- 72 || TOP HEAVY**
Wild fantasies with the bustiest women!
- 80 || PICTORIAL:
VALENTINA NAPPI**
- 88 || SWINGING AND SWAPPING**
Pass the butter – and your wife, please!
- 96 || PICTORIAL:
SOPHEE DEE**
- 108 || TOP 10 HOOK-UP APPS**



LETTERS

↘ SALUTATIONS



Emily Addison: September Pet Of The Month, 2011

SUMMER is here, which means exhibitionism is in full swing for you all nymphos out there! Who doesn't fantasize about the risk and danger involved when boldly fucking in the great outdoors? This issue is jam packed with summer time flings, sexy neighbors, pool boys and gardeners who want much more than to just take care of the lawn.

In "The Lonely Hearts Club", Bridget Mills has us believing in the power of serendipity, while Kay Powers details a passionate affair with an older man who bought her virginity in "Sugar Baby". We have plenty of scandalous road head, spontaneous orgies and even a set of married twins who decide to swap husbands for the night.

We are always open to hearing your tales of lust and passion. Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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EDITORIAL

Publisher Penthouse World Media, LLC

Executive Editor Georgia Grace

ART

Creative Director Matt Westphalen

Art Director VG

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/ INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

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Production Coordinator Victor Gonzalez
Photo Researcher Zack Korn

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

8944 Mason Avenue,
Chatsworth, CA 91311
Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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THE BOOK CLUB

My friend Keith's mom has a book club. They're over at his house all the time—four middle-aged women who drink Chardonnay and cackle over filthy books. They've read everything from the Kama Sutra to a dominatrix memoir to romance novels, and while Keith finds it uncomfortable, I think it's hilarious.

We both recently started college. I'm 22, but I haven't lived a particularly sheltered life. I lost my virginity to my middle-school girlfriend and have definitely gotten lots of action since then. But one thing I had never done was sleep with a much older woman, even though MILF porn really turned me on.

So you can understand why listening to four attractive moms talk about sex every few weeks was a bit distracting. Since Keith's mom Jill is one of the MILFs, I hadn't confessed this to him, but I fantasized about it a lot. What if I just walked in there naked, offered up my services, and saw what happened?

One day I was hanging out at Keith's place when the book club had convened. We were listening in from the kitchen as they discussed *ménage* romance novels when Keith got a call. His girlfriend's car had broken down, and she needed help.

I offered to go with him, but Keith said no, and by the strange way he was acting, I figured his girlfriend saying "my car broke down" was code for "let's have sex," so I let it go. He told me to stay and enjoy lunch and that he'd be back soon.

I was feeling pretty empowered by my recent months putting in effort at the gym, so I walked in to the living room where the book club was meeting. They were sprawled all over the couches—tattooed Carol-Ann, curvy Lisette, foul-mouthed Olive, and mind-numbingly hot Jill. One Chardonnay bottle was empty,

and another one was on its way there. When I appeared, they all stopped talking and stared at me.

I casually took a seat on the sofa near Jill, even though it was hard not to feel awkward with them staring at me. "So what are you discussing today?" I asked.

"Oh, you know," Olive said, winking at me. "Threesomes, foursomes, gang bangs." The other ladies collapsed into giggles.

"Oh, yeah?" I asked, playing it cool. "Any of you have experience with that, or is this all hypothetical?"

Carol-Ann traced a finger up Lisette's thigh. "Actually," she said, "we were all in the same sorority. So yes, we got freaky a few times."

This was excellent news. They were

**"SOMETHING ABOUT
ALL THOSE CURVES
MADE ME WANT
TO FUCK THEM BLIND."**

talking about *ménage*, and they had apparently all slept with each other already.

"Carol-Ann," Jill chastised her. "Don't scare him."

I gave her my best smile and subtly flexed my biceps. "I'm not a boy anymore, Jill," I said. Then, in a move so bold I could hardly believe myself, I looked her up and down and licked my lips.

"Jill, I think that young man is offering you something," Olive said, draining her wine glass and pouring another. The others stared raptly as Jill flushed under my perusal.

"Not just her," I said, deciding to go all in. "I have no practical experience with group sex, but I'd love to learn." I winked. "Anyone care to teach me?"

There was a moment of appalled—or intrigued?—silence, and then Olive burst

out laughing. "Well, shit," she said. "I'm in. It's been a while since I had some nice, young cock."

"Me, too," Lisette said, leaning over to squeeze my bicep appreciatively.

Carol-Ann got up and straddled my lap, then started kissing my neck.

Jill had her hands over her face, but she was watching through her fingers. I rocked my dick against Carol-Ann, who moaned, and Jill blushed again before throwing her hands down. "Not a word of this to Keith," she said, and then she was cuddling and making out with Lisette on the couch next to me.

I got to kiss all of them in the living room, but they also made out with and groped each other. Apparently sorority girls never forgot how to get down, because within a few minutes, Olive was fingering Lisette on the couch while Jill kissed her. This was heaven.

Finally, we took things to the bedroom. Jill was divorced, so there was no husband to worry about—just a king-sized bed and a nightstand full of toys. Jill brought out three different vibrators, then pulled restraints out from beneath the mattress. They were black, with padded cuffs that would attach to both wrists and feet.

To my surprise, I was apparently the intended wearer of the cuffs. The ladies muscled me onto the bed, then stripped off all my clothes and tied me up. I asked them to skip the blindfold, because there was no way I was going to miss seeing my MILF fantasy come to life.

Then, they got naked. Their bodies were so sexy. They looked womanly, and something about all those curves made me want to fuck them blind. It was like seeing ancient fertility goddesses in the flesh.

Jill crawled over me first. Seeing my friend's mom like this—naked, with her breasts swinging over me and her mouth red from kissing another woman—was beyond hot. My dick was incredibly hard, and it stood straight up off my belly. Jill



grabbed it and started pumping, rubbing her pussy on my thigh. I was shocked at how wet she was—it was practically dripping as she rode my leg, smearing her moisture over my skin. I lifted my leg as much as the restraints allowed, trying to rub against her.

Olive placed a hand around my throat and held me down. “No moving,” she said. “We’re going to use you.”

While Jill ground against my thigh and Olive gently choked me, Carol-Ann bent over the bed and sucked my dick. She took it deep, bobbing up and down and following the motion with her hand.

Older women were incredible. I was never going to fuck a young woman again.

Jill was grinding hard, and I was torn between focusing entirely on Carol-Ann’s mouth and fixating on Jill’s pussy and what it would take for her to come. The final member of the party, Lisette, reached out and squeezed Jill’s nipples while she rode me, and it wasn’t a gentle pinch—she was punishing those

tight little buds. Jill gasped and started spasming on my leg, and as she came, her liquid slid down my thigh.

“Let’s get a condom on you,” Olive said. She pulled a condom out of the nightstand drawer and rolled it on expertly. Then she grabbed one of the vibrators, switched it on, and held it against my balls.

I made some sort of garbled noise as the vibrations shook through me. I’d never even considered this as an option, but it was incredible. The four women stood around the bed, looking down at me as I jerked in my restraints, and it felt like I was some kind of pagan sacrifice.

But there were three vibes, and it didn’t take long for Olive to thrust one inside Lisette. I watched as she pumped the pink cylinder in and out, then pressed it against Lisette’s clit. The curvy woman orgasmed with a shriek.

Jill had been watching, but as her friend came, she slipped her hand between her thighs and started rubbing. Then she straddled me and gripped

my cock, guiding it to her pussy. She slid down, and her cunt was tight and perfect. Her thighs rested on either side of my hips, and when I thrustured up into her, her beautiful breasts jiggled. I couldn’t believe this was the woman who had driven me to band practice and made me sandwiches during high school. Now, she was an uninhibited freak. She rode me with her head tossed back, and then Carol-Ann held a vibrator to her clit, and Jill came with a long moan.

“My turn,” Carol-Ann said. She had tattoos all over her arms and shoulders, her pussy was bare, and a tiny heart was tattooed on her lower belly. She nudged Jill aside, then sat on my dick. If anything, she was even wetter than Jill, and she was significantly rougher. She raked her nails down my chest and fitted her hands around my throat. As she rode me, Lisette and Olive engaged in a super-hot 69 situation on the bed beside us.

This was the best day of my life. The only concern was making sure I didn’t come too fast. The mix of bondage and

LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

MILFs was about to make me overheat. Thankfully, Carol-Ann came quickly, and then it was Lisette's turn.

She was so voluptuous it almost hurt to look at her. Breasts, waist, hips, thighs—all of it appealed to me. I wished I was free so I could grip her hips and thrust up into her, but instead, she straddled me in a reverse-cowgirl position. Jill stood at the end of the bed and kissed her while she bounced up and down on my dick. All I could focus on was the slap of flesh as she used me. My dick slid in and out of her, and I watched every blissful second of it. I strained against my restraints, but I was fully tied.

Soon enough, Olive took over for Lisette. I was glad this was the final woman, because I wasn't going to last, and I desperately wanted to service them all. As I fucked Olive, Jill crawled up my body and sat on my face, and there was no doubt that the best ride of my life was almost over. The taste of

my best friend's mom's pussy was even better for how illicit it was. I came with a shout, nearly hurting my wrists and ankles as I struggled with the bindings. And then they let me go.

—Matt K., via email

COME IN FOR TEA

I was expecting Joel to show up that day. He came every Tuesday to cut my front and back lawns unless the weather was bad. When I heard the riding mower fire up, I poured a glass of iced tea for him. He was an older man, early sixties, and I worried about him out there in the heat sometimes.

I opened the front door to see not Joel, but rather a strapping young man with light blond hair and very wide shoulders. Aviator sunglasses covered his eyes, giving him a wicked look, and he was shirtless—which didn't hurt.

He saw me standing there and gave me a wave. I waved back, a bit perplexed, but suddenly very turned-on. He was probably in his mid-twenties. I'm in my mid-forties, but was I really going to worry about that?

I smoothed my shorts down over my ass, stood up straight, and walked toward him when he gave me a beckoning gesture.

He cut the motor and pushed his glasses up. His eyes were as green as fresh grass.

"You're not Joel," I said with a laugh. Best to be self-deprecating. Drooling on him would probably be frowned upon.

He stuck out his hand and I took it, just holding it, not really shaking. The sensation of his warm skin touching mine went straight to my pussy. I shivered despite the heat.

"I'm Trevor. His nephew. He wasn't feeling well and since we're in the same business, I figured I'd help him out."

"That's so nice," I said. My eyes kept scanning his chest, his biceps, his shoulders, and lower. He had a true six-pack stomach and I felt the compulsion to run my fingers along it to see if his abs were as hard as they looked.

I cleared my throat when he finally took his hand from mine. "This was for him, but now I guess it's for you. It's only lightly sweetened, though."

I caught him staring at my cleavage and then his gaze slid lower to my legs. I'm no braggart, but I have spectacular legs.

"I'd love it, but it's a bumpy ride. Can I, maybe, come up and get it when I'm done?" He looked me right in the eye and smiled.

My brain went a little wonky for a second before I remembered to say, "Sure."

"Give me about twenty-five minutes. Then I'll come."

That's what he said. "I'll come." It took everything in me not to giggle or just tell him to forget the lawn, come inside where it's cool, and fuck me. Instead,



I nodded and went inside. I could feel him watching my ass as I walked.

I watched him out the window as he worked. I slid my hand down into my shorts and rubbed my finger along the gusset of my panties, sliding the fabric against my clit, torturing myself while I waited.

He looked up at the window at one point. I had no idea if he could see me, but I pushed my fingers down into my panties and slid two fingers inside my cunt. I played my fingertips along my G-spot, pressing it in a way that would bring me right to the brink of orgasm but not tip me over.

When he rang the bell, I was hanging there, right on the razor's edge of coming. I opened the door and extended the ice tea to him. He snagged it, downed it in three big gulps, and stepped all the way in the house. He pushed the door shut with his boot, took off his work gloves to reveal wonderful big hands, and then grabbed the hem of my tank. He whipped it over my head and tossed it aside. I was braless. He gave a mighty groan and palmed one of my tits while bending toward the other. He sucked my nipple into his mouth, and electricity shot through me.

I grabbed the back of his head and sighed. Hands on my wrists, he walked me back and gave me a gentle nudge until I went down, bouncing on the sofa cushion. He stood before me and pulled off his work boots, his jeans, and his boxer briefs. He was already shirtless, so that was a plus. His cock was thick, long, and hard—that was a *big* plus.

I took it in my hand eagerly, stroking his warm, hard flesh. I played my thumb along the weeping tip and leaned forward to suck him into my mouth. I managed to get my mouth about halfway down his shaft. That was as far as I could go. I sucked him for a few minutes, working him with my hand. He grunted, pulled free of my mouth, and got down on his knees on the floor



between my spread thighs.
“Hips,” he growled.

“HE GAVE A MIGHTY GROAN AND PALMED ONE OF MY TITS WHILE BENDING TOWARD THE OTHER.”

I raised them and he tugged my shorts and panties down. His fingers delved into me and then he pulled them free to paint my wetness over my aching clit. Every time he thrust a finger back inside me, my pussy clenched. I was a mess. A hot, horny, needy mess.

“You want that cock in you?” he asked softly, leaning over to plant a warm, wet kiss on my mouth. Then he went lower on my throat, then lower still on my breast. A lick, a suck, a nip to my nipple, and I was squirming.

“Yes, fuck yes,” I whispered, but even as I said it, I pushed his head lower. Might as well continue the kissing trail.

He chuckled and went where I wanted him to go.

I arched up the moment his mouth hit my pussy. He slid it over my clit and dragged it across my slit. He kissed my inner thighs to make me squirm. I pulled his hair lightly and said, “Eat me.”

He growled again. He liked that I told him what to do.

He went back to licking me—softly at first, then as I got closer his rhythm grew faster and his tongue dragged across me harder. When I was practically shaking apart on the sofa, he pushed a thick finger inside me and I came. I pushed my pussy against his open mouth until every last bit of my pleasure had passed.

He sat back on his haunches, took my ankles in his big hands, and tugged me forward. He got up on his knees and dragged the tip of his dick along my soaking-wet pussy. He teased me some, barely pushing into me—just the tip—and then backing off.

“Please,” I said, knowing that would be the magic word. It’s a simple word that often elicits a jolt of excitement and arousal.

I wasn’t wrong.

He shook his head, made a gruff sound, and plunged into me hard. I pulled my thighs up so he could see each thrust every time his cock

LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

disappeared inside me. He put his big hands on my knees and rocked into me.

I moved up as much as I could manage. Every time he went deep, pleasure unfurled inside me. I clenched my pussy around him, let it go, clenched it again, and released. It felt so good. Every time I did it, his face grew serious as if he were concentrating on holding on and controlling himself.

I brushed my fingers over my pussy lips while he watched, spreading my wetness on my clit. I pinched it softly, smacked it a few times, then stroked it in long, lazy strokes. He was mesmerized, watching my fingers work my pussy as he fucked me.

His grip on my knees tightened as he spread my legs just a little bit more. His trim hips pistoned like a well-oiled machine as he moved in and out of me. He hit a delicious spot deep inside me and I felt myself get closer to coming again. I wanted another. Hell, I wanted a few more. He seemed to have the

stamina and I was ready, willing, and able.

I stroked myself faster, my fingers flying in circles and figure eights. He pushed my hand out of the way briefly and gave my pussy a few smacks. The thudding of his fingers on my clit trembled through me.

I yelped at how good it felt, my pussy spasming around his cock from the sensations.

"Again," I said, looking him in the eye.

He grunted and smacked me again—one-two-three in rapid succession.

It was my turn to push his hand aside. I rubbed my now-throbbing clit as his strong hands held my legs steady.

His cock brushed the perfect place,

"THE THUDDING OF HIS FINGERS ON MY CLIT TREMBLED THROUGH ME."

and that was it. I came. My cunt gripped him with every wave of my orgasm. I felt how hot and wet I was.

"Fuck," he muttered. He pulled out of me, tugged me forward, kissed me, then flipped me onto my belly like I weighed nothing at all.

I rested my head on the sofa cushion as he posed me the way he wanted. It was a turn-on the way he manhandled and moved me.

When I was on my knees, spread to his liking, my upper body cradled by my plush sofa, he drove his thick cock back inside me with a grunt.

"That okay?" he asked.

I nodded. He gave my ass a swat to make it jiggle. I laughed.

"Use your words," he said.

"Yes, it's okay," I said. "It's better than okay. It's fucking perfect."

He hummed softly and I smiled.

"Fuck me," I said, "Harder. I want you to fill me up."

I heard him inhale sharply and then the bliss of it—his huge, warm hands clamping down on my hips as he fucked me. He pulled me toward him even as he surged forward to drive deep inside me.

I let go—not trying to come, simply surrendering to the push and pull of our fucking. His fingers tightened against the meat of my hips, his hot breath rained down on my back.

"I'm going to come," he said.

His long dick was kissing a tender place inside me.

"Not yet," I whispered suddenly.

I counted. Seven strokes and I was coming, my fingers clutching the sofa.

He came then, going stiff against me as he did.

He dropped a kiss between my shoulder, then laughed.

"What?" I asked.

"Would it be rude to ask for more tea?"

"I think that can be arranged."



—Amanda P., Sacramento, CA

THE POOL BOY

My college-age neighbor was home for the summer and working odd jobs. Every afternoon while I lounged by the pool, the golden-haired Adonis would strip off his shirt, his abs rippling in a moment worthy of a men's cologne commercial. After realizing that other neighbors had hired him for some light garden work, I decided that I needed a pool boy that summer.

After that, Ryan spent most afternoons in my yard, dutifully bent over the filter or flexing his biceps as he vacuumed the pool floor.

I didn't pounce on day one, of course. It was important that we both get comfortable with one another for what I had in mind. The day I caught him ogling my breasts while he pretended to skim leaves off the water, I knew it was time.

Confident that Ryan would keep watching, I flipped onto my stomach, wriggling my body under the guise of getting settled. Really, I just wanted to make my ass jiggle.

Figuring it was a safe bet that Ryan's eyes had found their way to my ass, I reached down to my hips and tugged the strings of my bikini bottom apart, then I rolled the triangle of material down my cheeks. The thick juncture of my thighs kept the fabric from falling completely to expose my pussy, but a hint of it was visible.

It wasn't long before I heard footsteps walking toward my lounge chair. Ryan stepped up alongside me and cleared his throat. "The pool's all clean. Do you need anything else from me?"

I stayed on my stomach and reached around to my back, fumbling with the strings. After a few Oscar-worthy fumbling attempts to undo the laces, I innocently asked, "Could you untie this for me?"

Smooth under pressure, Ryan didn't miss a beat before responding. "Sure, I

can help you with that."

Thick, callused fingers brushed over my spine's sensitive bumps when he tugged at the strings. The cool, silky ties slipped over my ribs, chilling my skin as they fell to the side.

Rather than pull his hand away after fulfilling my request, Ryan sat next to me on the chair. The canvas sank under his weight, causing me to roll to the side.

I shifted over, making sure Ryan had ample room to get comfortable. Then I took a deep breath, willing myself to relax and enjoy a massage under the warm summer sun.

My patience evaporated when Ryan's hands reached my shoulder blades. I

wanted to feel those strong, work-worn hands palming another part of my body.

I flipped over, making the last bits of my bathing suit fall away from my body. Ryan's hands hovered over my breasts—right where I wanted him.

He pinned me with a questioning look, as if he wasn't sure he should put his hands on the front of my body.

Happy to clear things up, I asked, "Aren't you going to continue?"

Ryan's cute, puzzled look melted into a smoldering smile. Though I'd expected him to go right for my tits, he surprised me by resting his hands on my rib cage instead.

His fingers fanned over me,



LETTERS

➤ KINKY COUGARS

awakening the nerves tucked beneath my skin. Despite the blazing sun overhead, a shiver traveled up my spine.

After making my suntanned skin turn pink under his touch, Ryan finally made his way up to my breasts. Long, thick fingers curved over my humps, lifting them up. He cradled their weight in his palm, giving them a light squeeze that made my nipples grow into hard, throbbing little peaks positively screaming to be touched.

Ryan, observant young man that he is, noticed immediately. He closed his fingers around each bud, trapping them between his digits and applying just the right amount of pressure to make my toes curl.

And he didn't stop there. Ryan met my gaze, pinning me with another searing smile. Then he dropped his head and sucked my nipple into his mouth.

I screamed when he scraped his

teeth over the turgid bud, stimulating the already oversensitive flesh.

Looking for something to hold onto, my hands found their way onto Ryan's head. I hugged him close to my chest, winding my fingers through his wavy, sun-kissed hair.

He climbed on top of me, easing his long body right between my legs.

I hooked my leg over Ryan's, using the angle to pull us closer. I could feel his erection's outline when he moved against my thigh. It strained the fabric of his board shorts, threatening to break free at any moment.

Eager to aid in his cock's escape, I tried to reach down to Ryan's hips to remove his shorts, but it was impossible with him latched on my breast.

Not that I was complaining. Ryan used his lips, teeth, and tongue to ravish my tits, sending me into a haze. Happy to cede the reins to my cub,

I abandoned my efforts to shuck off Ryan's pants and wound my arms around his neck instead.

Heat radiated between us. I shamelessly ground my hips against him, reveling in the fact that I could feel his dick grow against my leg.

I wasn't the only one whose sex seemed to demand satisfaction—Ryan's hips were moving as well. He rolled them against me while he worshiped my tits, rubbing his shaft along my thigh.

Ryan groaned when I brushed against the tip of his dick. His body shuddered and his mouth fell open, releasing my nipple and leaving me free to regain control.

Instead of trying to pull Ryan's hulking body up, I slid myself down the chair, stopping once we were face-to-face. His lips crashed into mine, luring me into a languid French kiss. Younger men understand the power of their lips on a woman's body. A well-placed kiss can make a body sing. Despite the fact that Ryan hadn't touched my pussy yet, it was slick, wet, and ready for action.

Then Ryan shifted his body, causing my slit to splay open over his thigh. It felt so fucking good. The hair on Ryan's legs was softer than it looked, creating a pleasant, tingling sensation as it brushed against my pussy.

I opened my legs wider, inviting Ryan to shift his attention from my mouth to my mound. Lucky for me, Ryan picked up on my cues right away, but of course, he still didn't head straight to my clit. Instead, he took his time ending our kiss, tugging my lower lip between his teeth for a quick bite before nibbling a path from my neck to my abdomen.

Next, his lips skimmed over the valley between my breasts. He twisted and turned, trailing his tongue along the underside of each breast before continuing on his meandering journey south. His mouth opened on a sigh, allowing me to feel both his lips and tongue on my skin.





Hungry for more, I arched my back, pressing myself against Ryan's mouth.

That's when Ryan dipped his fingers into my slit. His thumb's callused pad landed right on my clit, causing my hips to jerk beneath him. He splayed his fingers, parting my folds and exposing me to the cool afternoon air. Then he licked me from one hole to the other, taking his sweet time as he sought to lap up all my juices.

By the time Ryan started to circle the tip of his finger around my hole, his mouth had finally met up with his hand. He lifted his thumb off of my clit, then he sucked the throbbing bud between his lips and flicked it with his tongue.

Ryan's mouth felt incredible on my clit. He swirled his tongue around my swollen nub, making all its nerves stand at attention.

The muscles in my limbs grew tense, making my body twitch as a long, loud moan erupted from my mouth. My ass lifted off the seat, serving my pussy to Ryan on a silver platter. His mouth continued to work my clit while two of his fingers pumped into my pussy, driving me hard and fast toward an earth-shattering orgasm.

"ONLY AFTER MY BODY STOPPED TWITCHING DID RYAN RELEASE MY CLIT FROM BETWEEN HIS LIPS."

Using my body's reactions to guide him, Ryan drew my pleasure out into a dizzying stretch of rippling waves that left me trembling beneath him. Only after my body stopped twitching did Ryan release my clit from between his lips.

Within seconds, his lips were back on mine. He rested his forearms on either side of me, caging me in while the tip of his dick homed in on my pussy.

One hitch of his hips was all it took for his dick to plunge inside me. I wound my legs around Ryan's waist and locked my ankles around his back, opening myself up to take him in even deeper.

He fucked me like that for a while, working in short, quick thrusts that had my vaginal walls rippling over his shaft. When that wasn't enough, Ryan used his hips to press my body back onto the

chair. He reached around his back to unhook my ankles, allowing my legs to fall at his side.

Free to move as he wished again, Ryan slipped his hand between us and sought out my clit. He pressed his fingertips against the bud, gently massaging the sensitive little bundle of nerves while he continued to pound away at my pussy.

That pushed me over the edge. My pussy clamped down on Ryan's dick, holding him good and tight while he worked to drive us both to the brink.

"Fuck!" I screamed.

Ryan groaned in response. He slowed his pace, gritting his teeth as hot come jetted from his dick and filled me right up.

I stroked his back, then gave him a kiss and eased his dick from my depths. "Come over earlier tomorrow," I whispered. Then I slipped out from beneath him and sauntered into my house.

—D.R., via email

Mail your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311. Or you can email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



PARADISE

AVA AND ERIK DON'T CARE IF THE NEIGHBORS SNEAK A PEEK.
THEY ARE HAVING WAY TOO MUCH FUN.

















THERE'S NOTHING LIKE STEAMY SEXY
IN THE HOT SUNSHINE!
—AVA



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NOSY NEIGHBOR

I hadn't seen them on purpose. I'd been watering my roses. Jack was on his way back from a business trip. He'd been gone for four days. I had about an hour before he returned, so I'd decided to do the watering. That way, when he got home, I could focus on him. Maybe we could go out to eat.

My mind had been meandering down that innocent path when I looked up at the tail end of my garden. It was very close to my neighbor's back fence and their back patio door that led to the basement.

I was at the perfect angle to see them in relief: her on her knees, him holding her pony-tail in his hand as she bobbed her mouth up and down on his hard dick.

I froze, water sputtering from the spigot. I could hear what sounded like sex noises, but it didn't seem to be coming from them. It was just cloudy enough out that day to allow me to see inside fairly well.

In the background a porn movie was playing, people relishing in the fucking and the sucking and everything in between.

I was still holding the spigot as water poured from it.

She was getting him almost all the way into her mouth and throat. I marveled at it, because Doug wasn't lacking in the dick department.

He moved his hips just enough to show eagerness. Behind him, the male star of the porno wasn't being so subtle. He had ahold of his costar's long red hair and was pounding into her mouth, sliding giddily between her willing lips.

One of them made a noise—I didn't know if it was Debbie or Doug, but it seemed to trigger something deep inside me. An urgent animal sound. A sound that signified want and need and desire.

All of a sudden, I was counting down the moments until Jack got home. I was picturing myself devouring his cock and then him fucking me until I came. Then back to his cock in my mouth until he

couldn't stand it anymore so that he coated my tongue and lips.

I wiped my sweaty brow, realized I still had the hose, and turned away before my unsuspecting neighbors turned to find me spying on them.

My heart pounded as I finished the garden.

When my phone vibrated in my pocket I let out a little yelp and jumped. I was so tightly strung and so highly turned-on.

It was Jack texting me:

Should be home in about five, love. Can't wait to see you.

I smiled and hurried inside.

When the key turned in the lock, I was so excited I felt like I might levitate.

He called out to me but I didn't answer. I wanted him to look for me.

When he finally came up to the second floor, I heard him drop his bag in the hallway.

Then he peeked his head in and smiled, "There you are."

His eyes caught up to the rest of him and his mouth popped open. I was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed with nothing on but my necklace and a smile.

"Hi," I said.

"Hey, what's this all about?"

"I missed you," I said, beckoning him with a curl of my index finger.

He moved toward me and I scooted to the edge of the bed and put my feet on the floor. When he was close enough I tugged his tie until he bent to kiss me. I opened my mouth, ran my tongue along his, and flicked gently.

He growled slightly and I smiled.

"I've missed you, have I said?"

He stared at me and then nodded, smiling.

"Yes. You did. I believe you. I missed you, too."

I pushed him gently and he stood up again. I grabbed his belt buckle, tugged him a step closer, and then undid his belt. "You did? Prove it."

I whipped his belt out and tossed it.



Then I popped his button and tugged down his zipper. I pulled his cock out and pressed the tip to my lips. His large hand came down atop my head like a benediction.

I parted my lips and pressed my open mouth against his tip. Slowly, I dragged my tongue over the small gem of pre-come I found there. He'd gone from befuddled to horny in no time flat.

"Jesus, this is not the homecoming I was expecting."

"Are you complaining?" I asked softly, sucking his tip into my mouth, swirling my tongue over it the way I would a lollipop.

His hands were in my hair again, gripping, trying to contain his urge to push my head and thrust his hips. He was trying to behave himself.

"Not at all. Not even a little. I—"

He lost his train of thought...and his control. He pressed his hand to the back of my head a little harder. He rocked his hips forward, and his cock surged over my tongue, the tip brushing the back of my throat.

I cupped his balls and squeezed gently, working my own rhythm even as he fucked my mouth.

He gasped as I laughed.

I pulled him out of my mouth then, my fist still working his shaft, my thumb dragging across the slit every few strokes. I stared up at him and then deliberately let go of his cock.

"Why don't you be a good boy and lie here on the bed so I can reach you better?"

I didn't need to ask him twice.

He got rid of his remaining clothes and practically hopped onto the bed. Then he laid there, dick pointing straight into the air like a divining rod. I gave it a few good tugs and then let it go. He gasped.

I moved up his thighs slowly, kissing the inside of the left one and then the right. I dragged my tongue along the tender skin where inner thigh met groin. And then I traced lines and circles along his balls. I flicked my tongue, sucked



"I STRADDLED HIS TRIM HIPS AND WORKED HIS COCK BACK AND FORTH ALONG MY DRENCHED SLIT."

his balls gently, flicked my tongue, and sucked a bit harder.

He jittered on the bed like a man in the throes of electrocution.

When I thought he'd lose his mind, I put my hand on his balls and slid my mouth down his shaft. I got him as deep as I could and repeated it a few more times. I wanted him to be so close to losing it. When he was, I moved up his body slowly and looked him in the eye.

"Don't you dare come, you hear me? Got it?"

He didn't even talk. He simply nodded eagerly, looking more than a little stunned.

I moved slowly, letting him watch me, letting him anticipate. I was grateful to my porn-watching, dick-sucking neighbors for this little interlude. They'd inspired me.

I straddled his trim hips and worked his cock back and forth along my drenched

slit. I put the tip in and settled slightly, then backed off. Then I put it in again a little deeper. He'd pressed his lips together to try to behave. I could tell what he wanted to do was grab ahold of me with his hands and thrust up from beneath. Instead, he pushed his hands into the bedsheets and behaved himself.

I rewarded him—and myself—by sinking down on his big hard cock at a leisurely pace, letting it stretch and fill me. He moved just a bit, a small jerk upward, and it pressed his dick against my G-spot with a sudden force that was exquisite. I was so turned-on from this fun encounter that every bit of friction was a swirling ball of bright pleasure.

I tried to catch my breath as I rode him. I worked my hips front to back until I was almost ready to come, then I switched side to side. It didn't help much. I still was going to come. I leaned forward, put my hands on his shoulders, and used him as leverage. I moved my body in a frenzy as I tried to hit that one perfect spot over and over again.

What pushed me over, what thrilled me to completion, was when he lost his control and grabbed my hips. He held them hard, fingers digging in, nails pushing against my skin, and he drove up from under me with animalistic urgency.

LETTERS

➤ SUCK A WHAT?

I cried out as his cock managed to rub the exact place I needed it with the exact amount of force. I dug my nails into his shoulders as I came, the spasms overtaking me, the pleasure sweeping me under. I heard myself, almost as a distant voice saying, “Don’t come, don’t come, don’t you come...”

He didn’t.

I rolled off him panting, and he took it one step farther, grabbing ahold of my long dark hair and pushing my head toward his waiting cock.

I swallowed him down, moving to my own beat, but also urged by the sweep of his hand against the back of my head. He shot his hips up, driving his cock into my throat.

I sucked air through my nose, stroking the very tops of his inner thighs with my finger-tips. I managed to break free and suck his balls into my mouth again while jerking his cock with my fist.

He snarled with animal pleasure. It almost melted me. He sounded so turned-on.

I went back to my oral mission. I lapped circles around his tip until he squirmed like a man possessed. I slid my tongue up one side of his dick, sucked the tip for a few beats, then dragged my tongue down the opposite side. He held my head and struggled for air.

I used my hand and my mouth, tag-teaming his poor cock, and when he started to groan, I slowed down enough to make him beg.

“Please. Fuck. Let me come.”

I grinned at him and after just a few more seconds of torture, I did as he asked. I resumed my faster pace. He grabbed handfuls of my hair, jerked up from beneath me, and groaned as he came.

His hot come coated my tongue and rolled from my lips. I kept sucking until the last spasm passed, then I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand.

Jack grabbed my shoulders, hauled me forward, and kissed me. He said gruffly against my throat, “What the hell was that about?”

“I told you I missed you.”

“More than that,” he countered.

“Maybe our neighbors, accidental voyeurism, and a porno.”

“Tell me more,” he said.

“What do I get if I do?”

He pinched my nipple. “There’s a very good chance you’ll get a round two.”

—Anonymous., via email

STOCKROOM SUCK OFF

I wasn’t normally friendly with my co-worker Brenda, but I knew she’d been with Kyle, the new guy at the big-box store where we worked. I was dying to hear the details.

At first Brenda was reluctant to say anything more than that she and Kyle were “dating.” But I laid it on, and pretty soon she spilled.

Kyle was a hottie. He had handsome features and a solid body. He was confident without any unnecessary swagger. I was a little disappointed I hadn’t asked him out before Brenda had. I would have liked to have seen him naked instead of just hearing about it.

Still, once Brenda let her guard down and described what Kyle was like in bed, I got excited. She sketched out his physique for me, the lines of his muscles, the twin firm chunks of his ass. And of course she told me about his big cock.

My mouth watered at that. I could almost see that glorious staff standing erect, vein-lined, pre-come drizzling tantalizingly from the tip. A wave of desire hit me.

Eagerly I leaned across our table. “What did he taste like?” I asked.

Brenda made a face. “How should I know?”

“You’d know from sucking his cock,” I said.

She turned away, putting her nose in the air. “Gross. I don’t do that kind of thing.”

Right then I wanted to smack her



upside her head. There was a reason Brenda and I had never been real friends. She was a prude.

But I didn't press her any further. I couldn't finish my salad. I paid our bill, and we walked the two blocks back to our store. On the way I put one last question to her.

"Don't you think Kyle would like to get his cock sucked?"

Again she did the nose-in-the-air thing. "Well, if that's what he wants, he can look for it somewhere else."

Stunned, I let it drop this time. I supposed Brenda had the right to her personal turn-ons and turn-offs, but I couldn't imagine my own life without my penchant for oral sex. It was, in my view, one of the all-time great carnal activities. It was intimacy on a level that was almost profound. Maybe nature hadn't programmed that particular act into human DNA, but we had discovered it and stuck with it probably since the dawn of time.

For me it was a heightened sensory experience. There was the taste and the smell. Involving those senses in sex upped the whole game. No two cocks tasted quite the same, and it was fun to explore new flavors.

Then there was the texture. I loved to slide my tongue over the rounded smoothness of a swollen cock, encountering the sweet sting of pre-come. As I closed my lips around the knob, I would then begin sucking my way downward, swallowing inch after inch.

Overcoming my gag reflex was its own challenge and sensation. I relished being able to circumvent my body's own responses in order to give pleasure to someone else.

I'd never met a guy who didn't like getting his cock sucked. I was always proud when, having finished, I would see that shocked look on his face. Then I would know he'd just gotten the best head of his life.

Kyle was a man. Men liked receiving



"SUDDENLY A BULGE GREW UNDER MY PALM. I SAW HIS EYES START TO GLEAM."

blowjobs. Therefore, Kyle would like to get blown. It was a simple equation. Too bad Brenda didn't know her math.

If that's what he wants, he can look for it somewhere else, Brenda had said. I decided I would give Kyle the option of finding it someplace else—specifically, with me.

I wasn't going to try to break them up, though. That would be mean. I hadn't gotten the impression at lunch today that they had a super-serious relationship. I would just make sure Kyle knew he could get his cock sucked if he so desired.

Sometimes I worked at a register. Sometimes I was in our huge store's aisles, helping customers find stuff. I also worked in the cavernous stockroom. Items got delivered and we had to get them on the right shelves so they could later be hauled out to the store.

I found myself back there one shift. Kyle was working alongside me.

I still had the images of him that Brenda had put in my head. I sneaked peeks at him, imagining him out of his clothes.

We chatted and joked while we worked. He was friendly and easy to be around. The stockroom was divided into

aisles. The big metal shelves rose to the ceiling. When you got down to the far end, it was pretty isolated.

When we were both at that end, I "accidentally" brushed up against him. I liked the firm feel of his body. He didn't say anything. I waited a minute and did it again, this time grazing my hand across his crotch.

He froze. "What're you doing, Jen?"

I was excited and nervous. But I said boldly, "If you took your cock out right now, I'd suck on it."

He could report me to human resources, I realized. Maybe he was committed to Brenda and my advances were unwanted. I froze, too, but I kept my hand on his crotch.

Suddenly a bulge grew under my palm. I saw his eyes start to gleam. I rubbed him and he swelled even more.

We weren't alone in the big stockroom, but nobody was in our aisle. I pulled Kyle behind a stack of boxes we were shelving. Somebody still might come along and find us, but we'd probably have a few minutes of privacy, presuming Kyle wanted to get his cock sucked.

I got an answer to that right away. He undid his fly and yanked down his underwear. His cock sprang into sight. I knelt before him and took him in my hand, grinning. Desire pulsed in me.

He surged into full hardness. I beheld his size. Brenda hadn't exaggerated anything. This was a serious piece of meat.

LETTERS

➤ SUCK A WHAT?

I got into a comfortable position, glad for the kneepads we wore when we were doing stock work. I faced Kyle's cock at mouth level.

I put my hand to his balls, holding his nut sack on my palm and encircling his base with a single finger. I aimed his bloated cockhead straight out. To my delight I saw he was already oozing a bead of pre-come.

With my tongue I gave his crown a thorough swirling. A shudder of lust went through me. I liked his texture. When I caught the drizzle, I deliberately held it on my tongue, sampling it before swallowing. He had a slick salty taste. I looked forward to drinking down his load when it was time.

My lips tightened around his knob. I made sure my lips were sealed before I began to move my mouth downward. His cock had an upward tilt. As I dropped further down his shaft, I kept my tongue wriggling. I felt the many small veins and the big underside cable. I gave his balls a very delicate squeezing as I continued

to swallow.

I made sure to get quickly past my gag reflex. I knew we didn't have an endless amount of time. The possibility of getting caught was real. I didn't want to get fired.

But I also didn't want to stop this. Kyle's special taste filled my mouth, seeming to overwhelm all my senses, so that I was breathing and feeling and tasting him all at once. With a final lunge I sucked him all the way down to where I held him at his base.

The cock throbbed in my throat, but I didn't choke. I wanted this man to enjoy this. It was all about the primal pleasure of the act.

I lifted my mouth, then dropped it again. I felt the familiar strain in my neck muscles, the easy flow of my eager

**“SPIT RAN DOWN MY
CHIN. MY TONGUE
CARESSED AND WRITHED
ALONG HIS STAFF.”**

movements.

My cheeks caved in around him, and I slowly increased the suction. I heard him start to moan before he cut it sharply off. Without breaking rhythm, I looked up at him and saw him biting his lip. He couldn't be attracting attention by making groaning sounds.

But his eyes locked on my face. A look of wonder came to his handsome features. He watched his cock vanish and reappear as my mouth worked him.

Spit ran down my chin. My tongue caressed and writhed along his staff. His hands touched my head. Tentatively he slid his fingertips into my hair. I looked up at him again and managed to convey a nod.

He slipped his fingers fully into my thick hair. He took a good grip on my roots. Then he started to thrust. At first, he was cautious about it. But I matched his strokes, encouraging him to go harder and faster. I wanted to give him the perfect blowjob.

Soon we'd locked rhythms. We had it timed. I sucked him all the way down with every plunge, and he helpfully sank his cock into my throat each time. It was a sweet, delicious face-fucking.

I massaged his balls with a little more pressure. I gave his cock even more suction. His fingers tightened in my hair. He was really slamming my mouth now. Spit was dribbling down my chin, spilling onto the stupid orange tunic we all had to wear.

Right now I didn't care about my dumb job. I didn't care about Brenda's prudery or the fact that Kyle would probably still be her boyfriend when this was done.

What mattered was this cock I was sucking. I wanted Kyle to remember this. I sucked him furiously.

Suddenly he was shaking. His legs jerked and his hands shook where they gripped my hair. Another half-moan escaped him. I felt his balls clench.

The first jet of come was massive. It shot across my tongue into the back of



my throat. Spurt after spurt followed, hot liquid man-load, salty and primitive. I didn't lose a drop of it.

When he was done, I got up off my knees. He tucked himself back into his pants and whispered, "Wow."

Yeah. He would remember this.

—Jen S., via email

ON THE ROAD

My boyfriend and I decided to take a trip that would bring us deep into the countryside to explore mountains, gorges, and other natural wonders that took for-fucking-ever to hike to. For most of the trip, we drove for hours without seeing another soul on the winding, single-lane highway.

After a while, there's only so many sheep a girl can look at. My eyes began to dart around the car, searching for something to hold my attention during yet another long drive. When my eyes fell on my boyfriend, sporting his adorable "I'm so happy to be traveling" smile, I knew exactly how I wanted to spend the rest of our ride.

I ducked under the top portion of my seatbelt and crawled over the center console into Luke's lap. He jerked his knee when my fingers brushed over the sensitive skin on his thigh. The denim standing between us didn't matter; my boy is just that responsive when I touch him.

"What are you doing?" he asked with a laugh.

I thought it was pretty obvious what I intended, considering my fingers had grabbed his zipper.

Rather than use my words to answer Luke, I decided to show him. I eased the zipper down and slipped my hand inside, gently moving it over Luke's growing bulge in search of the little slit on his boxers that would grant me

access to his cock.

Finally, my fingers brushed over that open seam. I slipped inside and brushed my fingers over his growing erection. His shaft's smooth, velvety skin slipped beneath my fingertips, making me work to grip his girth.

When I finally freed Luke from his boxers, I whooped in triumph. A bead of pre-come had already settled on his cock's crown. I licked it up and savored his salty taste.

Luke's knee jerked again when my tongue touched his cock's tip. Have I mentioned that I love how sensitive his body is?

Instead of taking him all in my mouth at once, I decided to take the tack that would slowly drive Luke wild. I lowered my lips to the very base of his cock and gave him a kiss, then I used the tip of my tongue to trace around his girth. I couldn't lick him in one continuous circle, so I worked in half-moon arcs, retracing my path to swoop around to the other side.

After I'd completely mapped the area around Luke's cock, I allowed my tongue to venture upward. I pressed the underside of my tongue to the vein that bisected his shaft and plotted a path to the crown.

The car veered to the right as Luke sucked in a breath through his teeth.

Feeling generous, I removed my mouth, giving him a moment to recover.

Oddly, Luke didn't seem to appreciate my goodwill. He wound his fingers through my hair and directed my head back into his lap, using the tip of his cock to seek out my lips and ease himself inside.

I relaxed my jaw, allowing it to drop open so that I could take Luke more fully into my mouth. I made it about halfway down his shaft before his tip hit the back of my throat, forcing me to pull back just a bit.

Of course, there was one way I could caress his dick *and* keep myself from gagging too hard. I made a fist around the base of Luke's cock and gave it a light squeeze, then I started moving my hand in tandem with my mouth.

"Oh, God," I heard Luke groan.

His ass lifted off the seat, driving his cock deeper down my throat. My eyes began to water as his tip tapped the back of my throat again, but nothing could deter me from making my man groan.

When Luke moved in his seat, his pants fell further down his legs, removing a part of the barrier between me and his balls. His boxers, however, remained firmly in place. Knowing his senses would be dulled some due to the fabric, I lightly stroked my nails over his sack.

This time the car swerved hard to



LETTERS

➤ SUCK A WHAT?

“I DUCKED UNDER THE TOP PORTION OF MY SEATBELT AND CRAWLED OVER THE CENTER CONSOLE INTO LUKE’S LAP.”

the left. Luke correctly himself quickly, ramming his cock hard into my mouth in the process.

Fortunately, my throat had gotten onboard by then and I was able to take him like a champ. I followed his body's movements, not missing a beat as I pumped his cock into my mouth.

Once Luke kept better control of the wheel, I was able to let the car do most of the work for me. That's because every time the car hit a rut in the road, Luke would bounce in his seat, plunging his dick deeper into my mouth.

Not having to worry about moving my head gave me much more freedom to lavish Luke with my tongue. I opened my mouth just a little bit wider, giving up blessed suction in exchange for being able to drag the tip of my tongue along that oh-so-sensitive vein that runs along the underside of his cock. Then I swirled my tongue around his girth, spiraling from top to bottom.

Luke seemed to like that. His fingers found their way back into my hair, taking control of my head's range of motion all over again.

I heard him click a few buttons over my head before shifting his feet as though bracing himself on the floor. The car revved in the background, making me realize that Luke must have triggered the cruise-control option.

After Luke was free to move his feet without worrying about the car's gas pedal, he took the reins completely. He set a super choppy rhythm, alternating between a sharp, staccato pattern



of lifting and dropping my head and holding me at his crown for long, drawn-out stretches.

I relaxed my neck and tried to keep up. When he held my head high so that only my lips covered his crown, I swiped my tongue around the flared head. More pre-come seeped from his hole, so I licked that up, too.

Luke's slick, salty lubricant coated my tongue, making my mouth water. Our natural juices began to mix and flow

down Luke's shaft, making him good and slick. He slipped in and out of my mouth so easily I found myself pursing my lips to keep the tip of his cock from popping out of my mouth.

Suddenly, Luke let go of my hair, causing my head to drop down so quickly that the top of his cock hit the back of my throat for the third time.

I curled my fingers into the hard muscle of Luke's thigh, using his sturdiness to steady myself. The car

tilted as we ambled uphill, easing Luke's length even further inside. Happy to take advantage of gravity, I fisted the base of Luke's cock, directing his shaft to fit as much in my mouth as possible.

Once I'd found a comfortable position, I started moving my mouth and fist in tandem again. Aided by my saliva, my fingers and lips slid easily along Luke's hot, silken skin. I pumped him into my mouth, moaning with pleasure when the friction caused Luke's skin to heat against my tongue.

All the while, Luke's ass wiggled in his seat. He couldn't help himself. The closer I brought him to pleasure with my mouth, the harder it became for him to maintain his grip on the steering wheel.

Of course, all that moving meant that the loose fabric of Luke's boxer shorts had ridden higher on his thighs. The hem of one leg lifted so high I could see Luke's balls peeking out of the hole.

Seizing the opportunity, I slipped my free hand between Luke's legs and pushed the fabric further to the side. His leg twitched when my fingers brushed against his sack.

I hummed my approval, making my mouth vibrate over his shaft. Without missing a beat, I used one hand to pump Luke's cock into my mouth while the other swooped over his balls. I caught them in my palm and cradled them, stroking my thumb over the thin, sensitive skin.

"Fuck, Jessica!"

Luke's groan echoed through our tiny hatchback. His hips rose off the seat, driving his cock deeper inside me. His balls grew hot and tight under my touch—a sure sign that Luke would erupt soon.

Eager to make Luke succumb to his orgasm before we arrived at our destination, I increased my speed. I twisted my fist and swirled my tongue as I pistoned his cock into my mouth. My fingers slid along Luke's shaft with ease, freeing my lips and tongue to spend

more time exploring his cock's thick, flared head.

I ran the tip of my tongue around the raised edge, taking my time to travel full-circle. I dipped my tongue into the little divot tucked on the underside of his cock, then I spiraled back to the top, not stopping until I traced the tiny hole that would shoot Luke's seed down my throat.

Luke's grunts and groans continued to fill the car. His thighs tensed beneath me, making his ass lift off the seat again. One hand landed in my hair, twisting the tendrils as hot, sweet come began to spurt from his cock.

Holding my head steady, Luke continued to thrust. Thick come filled my mouth and slid down my throat, and still more continued to flow from his cock.

Swallowing what I could, I decided to lick up whatever escaped my lips.

Suddenly the car screeched to a stop. Thinking that we'd pulled into a spot

where I might have some privacy, I didn't bother to wipe the drops of come from my lips before lifting my head from Luke's lap.

Immediately, I made eye contact with the woman in the truck parked next to us. Feeling bold, I held her gaze as I swiped my tongue over my lips, then I gave her a wink. I could still feel her eyes on me when I turned to tuck Luke's cock back in his pants.

On our way into the park, we wound up next to the woman who caught us earlier. This time I smiled and waved, laughing as we moved past her and headed out on the trail.

—Jessica T., via email

How many lick does it take for you?
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SUGAR BABY

A desperate college student decides to sell her virginity, but what she gets is a passionate affair.

By Kay Powers

I accepted money in exchange for my virginity.

I'd never considered trading my body for cash before, but when the opportunity came, I took it eagerly. I don't really see what's wrong with it, so long as both parties are consenting adults. If a man wants to pay me to fuck me and I want to accept his money to fuck him, why shouldn't we do it?

I was a sophomore in college when it happened and I had just started to realize what a hole I was digging for myself by taking out student loans. I worked part-time on campus during the days and part-time at a bar at night and on weekends, but I didn't come from money, and my wages weren't enough to cover my tuition and expenses.

So I turned to other sources of income. Essay editing and proofreading services led to writing other students' term papers for them, which felt worse than auctioning off my virginity. It helped, but I was exhausted from a full course load and working multiple jobs, and the pace wasn't sustainable. If I wanted to make it out of college without too much debt, I needed another solution. I could have dropped out and gone to community college, but I loved my university too much, and I was convinced that a prestigious degree would get me a high-earning job.

I found the website after reading an article about sugar babies—women who took money and support from older men in exchange for sex. It was an intriguing idea, and I ended up searching for the most prominent websites that set up that sort of arrangement. I made a profile, telling myself it was just out of curiosity.

Figuring it might appeal to guys—although I'm still not entirely sure why

it matters—I added my virginal status to my bio. I'd fumbled around in the dark with a few college guys, so I wasn't totally inexperienced, but I'd been holding off on losing my virginity until I found someone worthy of taking it.

The messages came pouring in from older men who wanted to shower me with a fortune for the right to fuck me. I stared at the offers in shock, hardly able to believe it would be that easy. The men who used the site had to agree to STD testing before hiring a girl, and the site's code of conduct insisted on consent and communication, so they were already better prospects than most of the college guys I interacted with.

“THE THOUGHT OF BEING USED SO THOROUGHLY BY AN EXPERIENCED OLDER MAN WAS SEXY.”

And then I saw a handsome man with salt-and-pepper hair, a tan, and a sexy smirk. His name was listed as Alfonso, but that was probably a pseudonym—I was calling myself Daisy on the site. He was forty-seven, but he looked fit, and his photos showed a man who enjoyed hiking, bouldering, and yachting. He was fashionable in that suave, European-looking way that a lot of rich men seem to be.

His message was polite, and the offer he put on the table was astronomical—enough to pay four years of tuition and then some. In exchange, he wanted to buy me for a week and take my virginity—both vaginal and anal. During that week, I would be his willing sexual

submissive, doing anything he wanted at any time, although the specific acts would be negotiated in advance. He was clean and had a vasectomy, and I was on birth control, so we would be doing it raw.

I know I'm attractive. As a naturally busty blonde, I'd gotten more than my share of attention since hitting puberty. But was I really attractive enough for all that money?

I asked Alfonso why he'd chosen me. “The hair, the lips, the eyes,” he wrote back. “And I like a college girl. I also like that you didn't post modeling photos—you seem authentic.”

The response was polite and flattering, but it quickly veered into sexual territory. “I've been imagining parting your thighs and putting my mouth on your virginal pussy,” he wrote next. “Licking you while you moan. Showing you what a real man can do.”

My pussy throbbed a little, and I slid a hand into my pajama shorts to rub my clit. “What else would you do?” I typed back.

The response came quickly. “Fuck deep into you and make you clench around my cock. Bend you over a table and sink into your tight ass while you moan. I want to fuck you while you're tied up and fuck you while other people watch. By the end of the week, there won't be an inch of you I haven't touched, and you'll have orgasmed more times than you thought possible.”

I moaned as I read the words and rubbed my clit harder. The thought of being used so thoroughly by an experienced older man was sexy. I was wet, but while normally I might have slid a finger inside my vagina, something compelled me to restrict the action to my clitoris.



I was waiting for Alfonso, I realized. I didn't want anything inside me until he touched me, which meant I'd made the decision of which offer to accept.

I orgasmed, my body shaking with pleasure. When I was cleaned up and settled again, I typed a response to him. "I just masturbated while reading your note, and my pussy was so wet it soaked through my shorts. I accept your offer."

We met up a few weeks later, once I was done with my midterms. I had the week off from school, which worked perfectly. Alfonso told me to pack a few nice dresses and some sexy lingerie, and as I stood awkwardly outside my dorm waiting for him, I was suddenly nervous that what I'd chosen wouldn't be nice enough. I was worried that he would pull up, see me in my mediocre dress, and be disappointed enough to drive away.

A black BMW with tinted windows

pulled up and stopped in front of the building. A freaking chauffeur got out of the driver's seat, took my bag, and opened the back door. Alfonso was sitting there, waiting for me. I slid in, and the door shut, leaving me alone with him.

He looked just as handsome in person as he had in the pictures, and he smelled like expensive cologne. He leaned in and kissed me in greeting, then complimented my dress.

As we chatted, my nervousness dissipated. This was the same man I'd been messaging for weeks, the same one I'd been fantasizing about every night. He was handsome and charming, and he hadn't immediately tried to fuck me. Instead, he was letting me get comfortable.

Knowing he wouldn't pressure me into having sex right away turned me on. I leaned in and nibbled his lip, tracing my hands down his shirt, but he gently

stopped me after a few moments. "Not yet," he said, smiling at me. "I want to fuck you in a bed first."

To my surprise, we went to the airport. A few hours later, we had landed in San Francisco and were driving out of the city toward wine country. Alfonso had rented a convertible, and we drove with the top down. The air was crisp, but I loved the feeling of the wind in my face. Even better was the knowledge that soon we would be at his vacation home outside Napa and I would finally lose my virginity.

His house was two stories and sprawled over a large property. After showering and changing into my sexiest lingerie, I joined Alfonso in an airy bedroom on the top floor. The bed was white and fluffy, and a gentle breeze came through the open balcony doors.

Alfonso leaned against a desk. He stood up when I entered, then looked

EROTICA

me up and down appreciatively. “Beautiful,” he murmured. Then he pulled me into his arms and kissed me. His kiss was firm and confident, but not overbearing—a slow seduction rather than an impassioned assault. I opened my mouth and welcomed the stroke of his tongue. He slid his hands from my breasts down to my ass, then slipped his fingers inside the waistband of my lacy panties. “Has anyone ever kissed you here?” he asked, sliding those fingers down to dance over my clit.

I moaned and nudged my hips forward, trying to get more pressure. “No,” I admitted. “I’ve been touched a little, though.”

“Ah,” he said, dipping further between my legs to toy with my wet pussy. “And were you touched well?”

I blushed. “Only by myself.”

He grinned. “Then it will be my pleasure to touch you.”

And he did. He started by removing

my bra and panties with slow reverence, sliding his mouth over every inch of skin he revealed. He sucked my sensitive nipples until I moaned, then nibbled down to my belly. I stroked his graying hair, admiring the sight of an older, more experienced man going to his knees in front of me. He lifted one of my legs over his shoulder, then leaned in to run his tongue over my clit.

Oh. My. God. I’d always liked being touched, but having a tongue on my most sensitive parts was unreal. I gasped and gripped his shoulders for balance as he worked his mouth deeper between my legs. Soon he was devouring my pussy, running his tongue over and inside me and using his cheeks, chin, and jaw to devastating effect.

My legs were trembling, and a terribly wonderful tightness was building in my lower belly. I was going to orgasm all over Alfonso’s face.

He must have known it, because he focused on my clit, working that bud with firm, regular strokes while his finger slid into me. The penetration was a scorching-hot reminder that his cock would soon be inside me instead.

I orgasmed with a shriek, grinding against his tongue. By the time he drew back, his chin was glistening with my wetness. He wiped it off on his forearm, then stood up and tipped me back onto the bed.

I lay there, sprawled out, and watched him remove his clothes. He revealed the fit body of a man who works out regularly, and I shifted and rubbed my legs together when his glorious cock was revealed. He was thick and long. I’d taken his finger easily, but how was I going to take that?

He climbed on top of me and settled between my legs. I expected him to penetrate me then, but he just rocked back and forth, rubbing that hot, hard erection against my pussy. I kissed him, tasting my own flavor on his lips. His chest rubbed against my breasts, making my nipples throb, and as that firm erection nudged over my sensitive folds, I grew even wetter.

He reached down and slipped two fingers inside me, then moved them gently. “I want to prepare you,” he told me, then grinned. “But not too much.”

I shivered. For some reason the thought of being a little unprepared for his cock was wildly arousing. “Do it,” I said. “Please fuck me.”

“You want me to show you what sex is like, little girl?” he asked, removing his fingers and fitting the head of his erection against me. “You want me to teach you?”

“Yes,” I panted, running my hands over his back and ass, trying to pull him inside me. “Please teach me.”

He pushed in without any more warning. The second he breached me, I realized I’d underestimated what this



would feel like. He was so hot and hard, an absolutely unyielding force that took up all the available space in my body—and then some. It hurt, and I stiffened as he sank all the way inside. There had been a tiny sting, but otherwise it hurt in the sharply aching way of untried muscles and flesh struggling to accommodate such a large invasion.

His hips rested against mine, and as he kissed me soundly, his cock jerked in-side me. “So tight,” he said. “So wet.”

He slipped a finger between us to rub my clit, and the pleasure was quickly overtaking pain. When I shifted, I felt his dick press against my sensitive inner skin, and I moaned with pleasure.

That was all the invitation he needed. He pinned my arms above my head and started fucking—smooth, even, deep thrusts that made my body ache and throb with pleasure and pain at once. I'd never felt so full before, and I marveled at how completely he was dominating me. He was deep inside me, taking whatever he wanted, and I was just a greedy little slut who had offered a stranger my virginity.

The reminder of how taboo this was fired me up even more. I moaned and rocked against him, trying to get him ever deeper, hardly caring that it wasn't entirely comfortable. This was profound—it was right that it should hurt a little. He grunted and sped up, fucking me harder. He released my wrists so he could plant his weight on his elbows and let his hips swing freely. As he hammered into me, I gripped his back, scratching little lines into him as he used me thoroughly.

“I'm going to fill you with come,” he told me. “Show you what a man feels like.”

I nodded, desperate for it. He pounded between my thighs, then threw back his head in ecstasy. His body shook, and wet warmth flooded



“HE LIFTED ONE OF MY LEGS OVER HIS SHOULDER, THEN LEANED IN TO RUN HIS TONGUE OVER MY CLIT.”

me.

He pulled out and then, to my shock, he dipped his finger between my legs and scooped up some of his come. He pressed it to my lips. “Your first taste,” he told me. Dutifully, I opened my mouth, accepting the cream he offered me. It was salty and a little bitter, but I surprisingly loved the taste.

He left and brought back a warm washcloth, running it between my legs. He held it up to show me the faint

streak of blood that mingled with his come. “I took you,” he told me.

I nodded happily and then stretched, sliding a hand down my stomach, wanting to get one more orgasm out of this session. But he stopped me with a hand on my wrist and a shake of his head. “Not yet,” he told me. “I have plans for you.”

He rearranged me, pulling me up onto my hands and knees. My pussy was exposed to him, but I didn't feel any shame. I arched my back and wiggled my ass, hoping it would provoke him into making me come.

He rummaged in the nightstand, and then something cool and hard pressed against my sensitive pussy lips. It clicked on, and vibrations rocketed through me. I moaned as he slid the vibrator over my clit.

EROTICA



I orgasmed quickly. He kept rubbing the vibrator over me until the last spasm faded, then switched it off. I heard a click like he was opening a bottle, and then his lube-slicked fingers rubbed over my asshole.

Oh my God. I shivered, torn between wanting to push back against him and wanting to flee. He'd promised to take my anal virginity, but I hadn't expected it immediately. And didn't older men have a longer refractory period?

But it seemed he wasn't in a hurry to get his dick inside me. He played with me instead, circling that little puckered hole until I was able to focus on the pleasure rather than the mortification. By the time he slid his fingertip inside, I was more than ready to experience my first anal penetration.

He pressed the finger inside up to the second knuckle, then slid it out again. The lube was warm from my

body heat, and his finger slipped in and out easily. It felt good in a different way than having him finger my vagina, but I liked it just as much. There was something so intimate about having him reach inside my most private place, and there were more nerves there than I had expected.

He replaced the finger with two, and I shifted, feeling the stretch. His cock would be so much more intense than that, but I still wanted it. Then he switched the vibrating wand on again and slid it inside my pussy, and I went nuts.

"Oh my God," I moaned as vibrations shot through me. Having both holes filled made the sensations more intense. He filled me up so completely that soon there would be no space left for him to claim.

After a few agonizing minutes of pleasure, he switched the vibrator off

and slid his fingers out of my ass. Then I felt the nudge of his cock against my bottom. He was hard again, and the broad tip of his erection was slicked with lube. He gripped my hips and started pushing into me.

I moaned as his cock filled me up. With him buried to the hilt in my ass, I was even more aware of his size. My body stretched around his erection, and it was a little uncomfortable, but when he started running the vibrator over my clit again, I stopped caring. My muscles relaxed, and that's when he started to move.

He pushed in and out with gentle strokes that had me ripping at the sheets in frustrated desire. He was being too gentle, and I wanted him to fuck me hard, to claim me completely.

He reached forward to grab one of my hands, then wrapped it around the vibrator. "You use it," he said before

**“I WANTED TO BE
NOTHING BUT A SERIES
OF HUNGRY HOLES FOR
HIM TO USE.”**

gripping my hips again. He kept nudging into me with careful strokes.

Given the power of the vibrator, I used it well. I rubbed over my clit until I was close to coming, then slid it back. Hardly believing what I was about to do, I adjusted the angle until I could slide the vibrator into my pussy while he fucked my ass.

He shouted as the vibrator pushed inside. Vibrations rocketed between us, making everything quiver. He could probably feel the pulses against his dick.

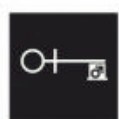
“Take that out,” he said in a hoarse voice after a minute of sensual torture. “I’m going to go hard.”

I obeyed and braced myself against the bed. True to his word, he started fucking with animalistic intensity, and I cried out at the overwhelming pleasure/pain. It was perfect—everything I’d ever wanted, even if I hadn’t realized it. I wanted him using my ass and my pussy. I wanted him to follow this up by shoving his cock in my mouth. I wanted to be nothing but a series of hungry holes for him to use.

The tension gathered and then exploded. I came, nearly blacking out with the force of the orgasm that had my entire lower body clenching and pulsing. He followed soon after, pouring his come into my ass.

We collapsed on the bed together afterward. Once my breathing had slowed enough, I propped myself up to look at him. “Was it worth it?” I asked. “All that money?”





LETTER OF THE MONTH

SAPPHIC SIRENS

Stuck at home with a broken leg, a young man gets a poolside sex show from two insatiable sirens.

I think enough time has gone by where it's finally safe for me to dish on what remains my wildest sexual experience ever. Newly nineteen, I had just had finished my freshman year of college. Horror of horrors, I was still a virgin.

However, in spite of being a total late bloomer when it came to women, I had a great social life, peppered with lots of outdoor events and sports. Unfortunately, though, during a springbreak ski trip, I took a nasty fall and ended up with a broken leg. As I hobbled to my final exams on crutches, I wished some chick might give me a sympathy fuck, but no such luck.

After school wrapped up, I headed to my family's place upstate where I would be house-sitting/recuperating for three weeks while my uncle and his new wife (half his age) traveled cross-country with my parents on a bike tour of Napa Valley. Naturally, I was bummed to be missing out, but I had to wear my cast for another week, and it wouldn't have been fair to make everyone reschedule on my account.

I was informed that neighbors would help me with anything I needed, since driving with a leg cast was impossible, and that "friends of Aunt Stacy" might stop by to avail themselves of the swimming pool. Otherwise, I was on my own. I hunkered down with a full pantry and lots of video games and movies, prepared to eat, jerk off and sleep late.

Two days into my solitude, I was awakened from a snooze in the living room recliner by the sound of female laughter. The recliner faced away from the sliding glass doors and huge floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the deck, so I couldn't see anything right away. I slowly brought myself to a standing position.

I heard a sharper squeal, followed by the sound of the diving board, and then a

splash! More laughing followed. I hobbled on my crutch to peek through the window blinds—and almost fell over upon taking in the view!

A slender, busty redhead surfaced in the shallow end of the pool, and without a bikini top, nothing impaired the view of water rolling off her full, pale breasts. Just like a certain Little Mermaid reveling in her newly minted human form, she flexed her upper body and beckoned her friend to join her. Both bathing beauties appeared to be in their early or mid-twenties—so, a little older than me, but not by much.

The other woman had long dark hair and smaller, pert breasts. She stood beside the diving board and laughed as

“THEY KISSED AND CARESSED EACH OTHER FOR WHAT FELT LIKE HOURS TO ME.”

she removed her top.

The brunette gave her friend a little striptease. She danced a bit as she untied the sides of her bottoms, which dropped away to reveal a perfect dark triangle. She plunged into the water and swam over to her friend.

My erection strained against my shorts—I was so hard I didn't even feel my crutch digging into my armpit. I watched, completely mesmerized, as the brunette and the redhead embraced, squishing their wet breasts together. The redhead pulled her friend in for a kiss that quickly escalated. Sure, I'd watched lesbian porn, but seeing these two babes so passionate and in the flesh was another proposition entirely.

The ladies waded out of the shallow end and emerged from the pool. The redhead took off her bikini bottoms and tossed them at her friend, who caught them and left them on the patio table. The redhead laughed and motioned her friend over to one of the reclining lounge chairs. They fell into another embrace, with the brunette on top. I reached down and began to touch myself, captivated by the view of the brunette's wiggling ass.

The women kissed some more and then the brunette worked her way down, playing with the redhead's nipples as she went. As they shifted position, the redhead opened her legs, caressing her friend's head as she ate her out. I stroked myself in time to the redhead's moans of pleasure, no longer caring if I got caught watching.

After the redhead cried out, presumably from climax, she pulled her friend up into another passionate embrace. They kissed and caressed each other for what felt like hours to me. But then, to my delight, the brunette got into the doggy position, and the redhead got behind her—so I got to watch those gorgeous pussy lips and puckered asshole get a thorough tongue-bath.

I balanced against the wall and my crutch, never so turned on before. I ultimately came before the ladies finished—and exploded so hard I ended up making a mess all over my gym shorts. Panting, I hobbled over to the downstairs bathroom, figuring I'd clean up and then resume the viewing.

A minute later, someone knocked on the bathroom door.

“Hello?” I called out.

“Hey, someone's in there,” a female voice exclaimed.

I hobbled out of the bathroom, already semi-hard again. “Sorry about that,” I said.



LETTER OF THE MONTH

"It's a little tricky for me to go upstairs."

The curvy redhead was standing there wrapped in a towel.

"Oh, of course—I'm sorry! You must be Mike?"

I nodded.

She extended her hand. "I'm Holly, I'm a friend of your aunt. And my friend over there is Susan." She pointed at the brunette, who was also wrapped in a towel and standing at the end of the hall.

"Susan and Holly," I said, nodding. "Nice to meet you both."

Holly looked down at my leg. "Wow, that has to suck."

"Yeah, it does, but at least it's coming off next Monday."

"Oh good," Susan said, coming closer. "I mean, it's so nice out. It must suck not being able to go swimming."

"No kidding. I can't wait to get in the water. I'm not used to just sitting around."

I smiled. *Did they suspect anything?* I wondered. Holly giggled. "Well, hopefully we don't disturb you too much in the meantime? Wouldn't want to...rub it in."

I felt blood rise into my face, but kept my response even. "No, no—you ladies enjoy."

"Oh, we will." Susan grinned and smiled at Holly. "This pool is great."

"Excellent," I said, nodding. I suddenly felt very awkward. "Uh, well, I won't hold you up." I hobbled out of the way and headed for the living room.

Sure enough, the next day they came back. This time, though, I only pretended to be asleep in the recliner. Once I was certain they were outside, I got out of the recliner and hobbled into the kitchen. This time I figured I would try the kitchen window. I hoisted myself up on to sit on the counter and peeked out.

Holly and Susan were already naked and all over each other. The show resumed like the first one. I couldn't believe what I was seeing! The girls stood up and headed over to a lounge chair where Susan lay down and Holly mounted her.

Availing myself of the hand lotion near the sink, I pumped my cock, unable to take my eyes off this incredible display

of Sapphic lust. Holly rubbed her clit as she rode Susan, her orb-like breasts swaying back and forth. If the visuals were not already enough, the sound of Holly's sweet moaning—and she was a loud moaner—took things to another level entirely.

I felt pre-come ooze out of my dick as I watched them switch positions. Now Holly was riding reverse cowgirl, both women near the kitchen window. I wondered why the new position until I saw Susan spread Holly's cheeks and finger her asshole.

It wasn't long before Holly had a body-shaking orgasm—and though I tried to last, my spunk shot out all over the kitchen sink.

In the afterglow, they cuddled for a bit, and then the sexy pool-crashers jumped into the water, presumably to cool off after generating so much heat.

I rinsed out the sink and splashed my face with cold water. The girls seemed to be just relaxing and talking at this point—albeit doing so fully nude, that I figured it was safe to grab a beer from the fridge.

I carefully lowered myself to the floor and reached for my crutch. The fridge was at the opposite end of my aunt and uncle's rather large kitchen, and an island with bar stools took up the middle. I had just opened my beer when I heard the sliding glass doors open, and Holly appeared wrapped up in her towel.

"Hi again!" she said, smiling. Her creamy skin still showed tinges of post-orgasm flush. "Oh, hey!" I stammered, but recovered enough to act normal.

"I was just going to ask if you had any beer to spare?"

"Sure, help yourself." I gestured to the fridge and hunched over the kitchen island, hoping to conceal my returning boner.

She held out the bottle. "Would you mind? I just had my nails done."

"Of course." I popped open the beer cap for Holly, knowing that if I turned to face her squarely, she'd see me at full salute. Thus, like a dork, I kept leaning into the counter, utterly tormented by my





Sapphic siren.

Holly put her hand on my shoulder. “Mike,” she said, “there’s nothing you need to hide.”

Our eyes met and she smiled, gesturing downward. “I know you’ve been watching us.”

“Oh, uh, well, I...” I was completely out of my depth—and more excited than ever.

“It’s okay.” She leaned in close, her lips brushing against the edge of my ear. “I really love it when people watch me.”

“You do?”

“Mmmm, yes.” Holly caressed my face and her hands roved lower. “I’ve been dying to invite you to our little pool party. But until you get your sea-legs back”—she stroked my bulge—“I hope this is okay.”

“Yeah,” I said. “Fuck yeah.” At this point in my young life, that stroking of my cock by this stacked redhead qualified as the greatest sexual moment of my life.

Holly giggled and kissed me. “You better sit down then, because I’m going to make your knees buckle.”

Truer words were never spoken. She let the towel drop to the floor, revealing her gorgeous body up close at last. “Wow,” I stammered. “Can I touch them?”

By “them,” I meant her stupendous tits, of course. Laughing, Holly said, “Sure. You’ve certainly seen them enough.” With

“HOLLY RUBBED HER CLIT AS SHE RODE SUSAN, HER ORB-LIKE BREASTS SWAYING BACK AND FORTH.”

that, she grabbed my hands and put them on her perfect breasts.

I took turns licking her nipples and enjoying the smooth curves of her tits in my hands. Then I buried my face in her cleavage and could have kept my face there all day. But Holly had other plans. Stepping back, she knelt down in front of my chair.

“Let’s see what’s in those shorts.”

My head spun. Was this a dream? It seemed too good to be real. I felt Holly’s hands slip inside my mesh shorts and inside my boxer briefs. She pulled out my cock and began to suck it. Her mouth was just as velvety and flower-soft as I’d imagined it. Her tongue traced slow circles around the head of my dick. I gripped the sides of the kitchen chair and inhaled sharply, determined to savor this for as long as possible. However, when Holly started to tug and suck at the same

time, I knew I wouldn’t last.

Feeling the pleasure—and pressure—mount, all I could think was, *Holy shit, this is what I’ve been missing!* Even though I’ve been blessed with great blowjobs since then, there’s nothing like the memory of that first one. I felt so alive—and totally read to burst! “Oh god, Holly,” I groaned. “You feel so good...”

Holly spit on my shaft and slurped loudly. “Yes, let me swallow that load.”

Gasping, I felt come shoot into her warm, wet mouth. Her lips clamped down and sucked me dry. Thank goodness I was sitting down too, because the orgasm was so intense it made me lightheaded. My ears were even ringing as I sat there panting and watching Holly lick up every last drop.

The sound of Susan’s voice, though, quickly bolted me back to reality.

After clearing her throat, she said, “I hope I’m not interrupting anything too important?” Holly giggled, licking come off her lips. “Nope, not anymore.”

Susan smirked at me. “We both felt bad you couldn’t go swimming, but Holly here enjoys handling men more than me.”

Coming closer, Susan began caressing Holly’s long red locks as she studied me.

“I just hope you aren’t opposed to sharing.”

LETTER OF THE MONTH

"No, not at all! Whatever you ladies would like is fine by me."

Susan smiled down at Holly. "You were right," she said. "He is sweet."

"See?"

"Let's move him somewhere more comfortable."

The three of us went back into the living room and headed to the large sectional sofa. Holly helped me prop myself up—and get rid of my shorts for the time being. The two of us huddled together naked, watching as Susan let her towel drop to reveal she had nothing on.

"Sure you're okay with sharing?" Susan asked me again.

"Definitely," I said as casually as I could. "I mean, I should really thank both of you."

**"FUCK SKIING. FUCK
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING. I'D
NEVER IN MY LIFE FELT
THIS GOOD."**

Holly kissed my neck. "That won't be necessary."

"You allowing my girlfriend to indulge herself is gift enough." Susan leaned in and kissed Holly. "Anything that makes her happy and horny makes me happy and horny, too."

Instantly, I was rock-hard again. "Glad to hear that," I said. I took a deep breath, feeling suddenly confident. "You two are the hottest women I've ever been around," I stated. At least I didn't tell them they were the *only* ones I'd been with.

Holly's sweet laugh rang out once more. "Mmm, let's not waste any more time then," she said. She pulled Susan in for another kiss. And then the show I'd watched from afar began again—but this time playing out only inches away.

Pausing briefly, Susan asked me, "Wait, do you know how to eat pussy?"

"Um, yeah, sure. Of course."

Holly smirked. "Don't tease him, Susan."

"I'm not teasing. Why don't you sit on his face while I handle the rest of you?"

And that's how our wild afternoon began. My first blowjob was followed by my first taste of girl juice. Holly parted her smooth pussy lips and directed me where to put my fingers and tongue. Knowing I was pleasing her made it even better.

She bucked her hips in time with my tongue. Meanwhile, Susan licked Holly's ass and periodically gave my permanent boner a caress.

Following every direction I was given, I tongued Holly's clit and slipped two fingers inside of her, moving my fingers the way she wanted. I was hoping to make her come. Just when I thought I was getting close, though, she dismounted me.

"Why are we stopping?" I asked.

Holly kissed me, tasting her own juices on my mouth. "We aren't. But now that I'm so wet, I really want you—both of you."

Finally, instead of living vicariously through I was going to have Holly ride my cock. Glancing back at her girlfriend, Holly said, "Give me a minute?"

"Take your time, babe."

Holly wiggled her hips and eased my cock inside her tight, hot hole. *Finally!* I thought. Finally an end to my wondering what fucking was like. It was happening. And it was happening with a gorgeous babe and her horny friend.

"Oh god!" I moaned, pumping into Holly's glorious pussy. Her wet warmth enveloped my shaft. I was praying I could last more than a few seconds.

"Jesus, you feel good!" Holly cried out, which thrilled me.

I kissed her passionately, loving the sound of her moaning.

Her girlfriend gave Holly's bottom a gentle swat. "You like that thick cock, huh, babe?" Nodding, Holly moaned again.

Holly leaned forward and bent her knees so she could keep riding me while Susan eased two fingers into her asshole.

"Oh fuck!" Holly gasped. Her nails sunk into my shoulders. Susan eased the her fingers deeper into her ass, and Holly's body began to untense. Fuck skiing. Fuck mountain climbing. I'd never





in my life felt this good. The excitement made me see stars.

Thoroughly stuffed, Holly rocked back and forth, penetrated by both my dick and Susan's fingers. I know some people think a first time should be "intimate," but this team-effort component—plus knowing that the woman before me would be doubling over from pleasure—somehow made it even more special.

Eventually, we repositioned so Holly was lying on her side getting stuffed and sandwiched. Susan and I took turns kissing and caressing her, until finally she couldn't handle anymore. Her creamy skin flushed deep red. "Oh, god!" Holly wailed. Susan licked her neck. "You gonna come in both your holes, you little slut?"

"Yes!" Holly screamed. "Oh, god, I'm coming! Ohhhhhhhh!"

Her pussy walls clenched down on my cock like a vise. I groaned, my own release seconds away. "Oh, shit!" I gasped. My breath caught short in my lungs.

Holly squeezed my shoulders again. "Let me feel you come inside me!"

My whole body shook as I got to the edge. Then I exploded, crying out, and in my ecstasy I got a glimpse of Susan grinning triumphantly. Holly, still riding the wave of her own orgasm, collapsed forward, burying my face in her gorgeous cleavage.

Once Holly and I caught our breaths, it only seemed fair to give Susan some attention. We proceeded to lavish attention on her pussy with our tongues. Which is why, these days,

whenever a girlfriend asks me where I learned to eat pussy, I am able to truthfully reply, "From another woman and her girlfriend."

The following week, once I got my cast off, we had the most epic pool party ever. Sadly, the remaining days at the lake house flew by—and with the return of family, Susan and Holly vanished from the scene. My sex life evaporated once more—but happily not for long!

I returned to school in the fall with a newfound interest in aquatic sports and low-impact exercise. Everyone thought this was a result of my accident. But in truth, it was because of what went on in the college pool after hours—with a certain redheaded swimming coach.

—Mike E., Mount Vernon, New York



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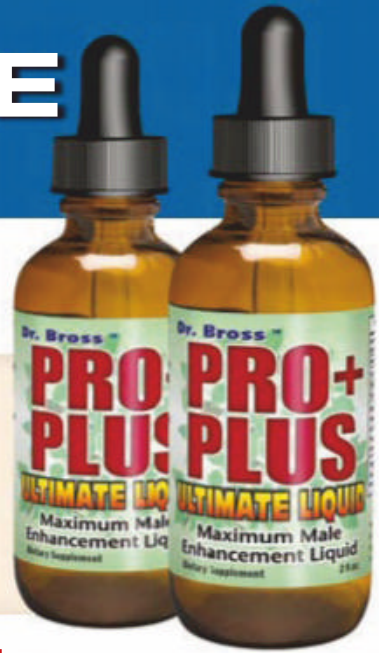


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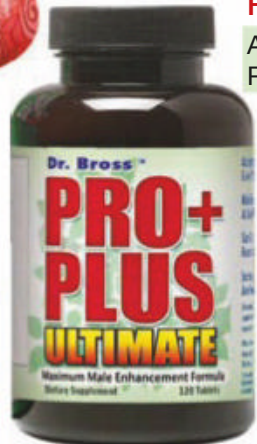


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SPOTLIGHT ON SERENDIPITY

THE LONELY HEARTS CLUB

Sometimes an intense, inspired romance will walk right into you - literally!

By Bridget Mills

I'd been without a boyfriend for about six weeks. I was horny, annoyed, and preoccupied. I wasn't ready to jump into another relationship, but I could sure go for a good fuck.

I ran into him in the city one day. Literally. I was walking and looking at my phone instead of where I was going, and he seemed to be doing the same. We collided with a thud, both of us managing to catch our phones at the last second.

We stared at each other for a beat and then I said, "Sorry. Text from the ex."

I don't know why I said it, other than there had been an immediate lightning bolt of attraction and I liked it. He looked like a guy who could handle me in bed, that was for sure. Tall, broad, short dark hair, an easy smile, and electric blue eyes.

I noted all of that in a few heartbeats.

"Funny that," he said. "Me, too."

He wagged his phone and me and I laughed.

"The lonely hearts club here in the middle of the street," I said. It was a weird conversation for two people who didn't know each other, but I rolled with it.

He shrugged and his gaze did an entirely non-subtle tour of my body. He smiled a wicked smile.

"Eh, it's no big deal. It's been well over a month."

I nodded. "No new prospects."

He cocked an eyebrow at me, and heat flooded my face and chest, then traveled like a bullet down to the suddenly wet place between my thighs.

"Not until now," he said.

Fuck it, I thought. There could be worse ideas.

"I just got off work. Care to grab a drink with me?" As fate would have it, we were standing in front of one of my favorite hole-in-the-wall bars.

He swept an arm toward the door and chuckled. "Let's go."

Inside it was dark and cool. Only a few folks were at the bar so early. Most had been there for hours. The red neon gave the whole place an electric vibe. We ordered two whiskeys and sat in the corner. Within ten minutes, he had his hand on my knees.

I liked it. It was warm and strong, and the feel of his fingers slowly floating up, up, up toward the top of my thigh turned me on.

"FOLLOW ME TO THE BATHROOM," I SAID, POLISHING OFF MY DRINK."

We compared sob stories. My relationship of three years ending in a blink. No time for dating. And every set-up had been a nightmare. Plus, not really ready for a whole new "thing."

His fingertips were grazing the very edge of where my thigh met my crotch. Electric pulses of arousal surged through me, so I had to focus as he talked.

His relationship of five years had ended due to disagreement about marriage. She wanted it. He wasn't ready. He'd had exactly three atrocious dates and had stopped. Now there we were.

"Follow me to the bathroom," I said, polishing off my drink.

I couldn't feel my feet or my lips as

I walked to the small room. I'd been in there a million times and knew it was clean and private and it wasn't where we'd fuck but I needed to be totally alone with him for a moment.

He walked in after me and I pushed the door shut with my heel. I flipped the lock and faced him. He smiled down at me, grabbed me by the waist, and pulled me forward to kiss me.

My hand went immediately to his zipper and I rubbed my palm against the hard rock of his erection. He bit my tongue and I whimpered. My pussy flexed at the sudden sharp pain.

He slid his hand beneath my skirt and slipped his fingers inside the crotch of my cotton panties. His fingertip went right to my clit and I sighed into his mouth—utterly turned-on.

"I want you do fuck me," I said against his soft lips. "Do you want to fuck me?"

He put his hand on top of my hand, which was resting on his crotch. He pushed so my palm grinded against his hard-on. "What do you think?"

I moved back and squatted down. The motion of opening my legs allowed cool air to kiss my wet pussy. I moaned, sliding my finger along my clit.

I pulled his zipper down, freed his cock, and slid my mouth down his erection. His skin was hot and salty on my tongue. I sucked him a few times and then gingerly tried to fit his cock back into his pants.

He growled. "Hard to get that genie back into the bottle."

"Yes, hard," I said laughing.

He took my hand and I stood.

"Where?" he asked. "My place is kind of far."

"Mine is a block away."



LETTERS

➤ SPOTLIGHT ON SERENDIPITY



He pushed me back against the wall and shoved his hand under my skirt. This time his fingers penetrated me, sliding deep, flexing inside my slick pussy.

"Let's go," he said.

We practically ran hand-in-hand, my purse and work bag slapping against my thigh as I went. My hands were trembling from the adrenaline, so he snatched my key from my hand and shoved it into the keyhole.

Once inside, I slammed the door, dropped my bags, and faced him.

He surprised me by catching me up around the waist and lifting me while kissing me. He pushed me against the wall, and I felt his dick's hard ridge riding my pussy's cleft. My skirt was thin, my panties thinner.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and pushed back against the wall for leverage. He humped me slowly, kissing me, fingers rough on my skin where he held me. My T-shirt had ridden up and he used one big hand

"HIS TONGUE TOUCHED ME AND MY EYES SLAMMED SHUT. BEHIND MY EYELIDS, COLORS BLOOMED."

to shove it higher, pull back a bra cup, and take my nipple in his mouth. He drew on it roughly. Our balance was precarious and we were laughing.

"I'd really just like to have you naked minus acrobatics."

I grabbed his hand and walked him to the bedroom.

I was naked before he shut the door. He followed suit. We stared at each other for a moment and then it was a full-on horny grapple.

He tossed me gently on the bed and I let out a squeal. He didn't ask, he simply did what he wanted, and that

made me wetter than I thought I could be. He laid on his back and nudged my thighs. "Straddle my face, pretty lady."

I did. I moved so that I hovered over his handsome face. Then I lowered my mouth to his cock. Sixty-nine was a lovely number and a great way to start this.

He reached up, hands cupping my ass cheeks, kneading, stroking. His tongue touched me and my eyes slammed shut. Behind my eyelids, colors bloomed. I tried to keep some kind of sane tempo while sucking him, but it was so hard to concentrate with his hands on my ass and his tongue swirling and whirling on my clit. Then he pushed a finger inside my cunt. One finger quickly became two. I drove my mouth down his shaft, trying to keep focus. But he kept doing the exact things I needed, so then I started coming.

I stopped sucking entirely when the spasms hit me. His fingers kept gliding in and out of me. His tongue still trailed gently over my clit. When I was done,

I slid my lips down his dick again. I trailed my fingers over his balls and lapped at the tip of his cock.

"Come up here," he coaxed me. "Climb on. I want to be buried deep inside that sweet pussy."

He didn't have to tell me twice.

I moved to straddle his waist, sinking down slowly. He put his hands up to cup my breasts, giving my nipples light pinches at first. Then when I was fully seated, moving and riding him, he pinched harder...and harder still.

I moaned and rocked my hips from side to side for a minute. Like scratching a deep itch, I was working that spot that needed the most attention. The one that craved the friction. The one that would make me gush like a river.

He put his hands up and I took them, pressing down, getting better leverage as we fucked. He thrustured up from beneath me, his big blue eyes heavy-lidded but curious as he watched me. He pushed up as I pushed down, my hips rolling like a wave as his cock was buried deep inside me. My wetness graced us both, gushing with every movement. And when it became blissfully overwhelming, I shuddered over him, coming hard. I sighed contentedly and kept moving until the last gorgeous spasm had passed.

He put his hands on my waist and rolled. I went from atop him to under him. He knocked my legs wide, pushed my knees high, and then drove into me fast and deep. I was drenched as he entered me effortlessly.

Every thrust drove his pubic bone against my clit, a delicious grinding sensation that had me close to coming again. He watched my face and



LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON SERENDIPITY



pushed against me harder.

I gasped.

His thrust went from slow and deep to a sharp staccato beat. I could tell he was getting close. Every time he pushed into me, my nerve endings sang. If he managed a few more minutes I might actually come again.

"Are you going to come again, gorgeous? Feels like you are," he said.

"Such a sweet talker," I teased, but it ended on a groan. The fact was, yes, I was going to come again.

He pushed his hands against my knees and moved into me in a

"HE KNOCKED MY LEGS WIDE, PUSHED MY KNEES HIGH, AND THEN DROVE INTO ME FAST AND DEEP."

desperate rhythm. He grunted and growled, and finally the noise got to me and I sucked in a shuddering breath and touched my fingertip to my clit. With one swipe, I was coming. I had pushed myself over the edge so he could stop hanging on.

He chuckled and pushed into me so fast and hard it rattled me.

Then his body went taut above mine as he hit his peak.

"Jesus," he groaned.

He collapsed next to me. "Should we exchange numbers in case we want to have another chance encounter?"

I looked at his handsome face and his sexy scruff and laughed. "I must be psy-chic. I think maybe we do have another chance encounter in the near future."

"Brilliant," he said. 🔑



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NIGHT CAP

One night after work I decided to take a brief detour to enjoy a glass of wine before heading home. I stopped at a small neighborhood spot and ordered my usual, then I chose a seat at the empty fireside bar.

When a couple sat beside me and started to make small talk, I was happy to join in their fun. As the conversation began to flow, they both moved closer to me, eventually splitting up so that one sat on my right and the other sat on my left.

Before long, our friendly conversation took a flirty turn. It started with a light brush of Lauren's fingers over my arm that wound up straying ever so slightly to the side of my breast. Thinking I must have imagined it, I leaned into Lauren, at which point she boldly stroked her finger right over my nipple.

This definitely wasn't the direction I'd imagined my night would go, but who am

I to look a gift horse in the mouth?

I let my legs fall open on the barstool, making my thigh press against Lauren's. She scooted her seat even closer to mine so that the sides of our arms, hips, and thighs touched. It felt natural to sit like that with her—arms wound around one another, turned slightly so that we could still see Jason.

When Jason skimmed his hand over my thigh and brushed his thumb over the sensitive spot where my leg and hip connect, I knew I wouldn't be going home alone as planned.

Sure enough, once we'd each finished the last of our drinks, Lauren suggested that we continue our evening together back at their apartment.

Once the door clicked shut behind us, all hints of propriety went out the window. Jason kissed my neck as he eased my jacket down my arms. After letting my coat fall to the floor, he set to work warming my newly exposed skin, erasing the goose bumps that cropped up after a

single smoldering look from his wife.

Meanwhile, Lauren sank to her knees and settled at my feet. She unzipped my boots and helped me step out of them, then she rose up to my hips and popped the button on my pants.

Lauren looked up at me from beneath lowered lashes. She held my gaze while she eased the zipper on my slacks all the way down. A light tug on the waistband made the pants fall right down my legs.

We were still in the apartment's entryway and already, I was only half-dressed. Lauren's mouth hovered over my mound. I could feel her hot breath fanning over me, permeating the flimsy fabric of my underwear to heat my pussy.

That's the moment Jason's hands found their way under my top. He stood behind me, holding my back to his front while his hands swooped over my tummy and reached up to cup my breasts.

When Jason gripped the hem of my blouse in his fists, I thought he would tear right through the fabric. Instead, my shirt went the way of my coat and pants. Jason whipped it over my head and tossed it over his shoulder, leaving me in nothing but my lacy pink bra and matching panties.

Lauren took my hand and rose to her full height. "I think it's time we move this party to the bedroom," she said.

She dropped my hand and walked toward the back of the apartment, leaving a trail of her own clothing as she went.

Jason followed behind us. When I glanced over my shoulder, I saw that he'd shucked his shirt as well. He met my eye and smiled, knowing he had caught me staring.

Feeling a blush beginning to bloom on my cheeks, I turned back to see Lauren burst through a set of French doors adorned with frosted glass. She bounded into the room, making straight for the massive bed that sat at its center.

Lauren jumped onto the mattress and crawled to the middle. We locked eyes



as she reached around her back and released her bra clasp.

"Come join me and I'll help you with yours," she said.

Lauren extended her hand to help me onto the elevated bed. She curved a hand over my ass and pulled me close, resting her cheek on my breast.

Nimble fingers curled around my bra clasp and gave it a quick twist, making it pop open with ease. After that, the weight of my breasts and gravity did the rest. The bra fell right off, and Lauren was there waiting.

She palmed one of my breasts, squeezing lightly as she lifted me closer to her lips, then she opened her mouth and drew my nipple inside.

While Lauren was busy playing with my breasts, Jason joined us on the bed. In the time it took his wife to remove my bra, Jason had removed all of his clothing. He came up behind me and brushed his hand over my shoulder to move my hair and reveal my neck.

With Jason holding me so close, the subtle motion was impossible to hide. The vibrations made it all the way to my ass, which happened to be pressed against Jason's rock-solid cock. His fingers splayed over my thighs, digging into the thick muscle as he rocked his hips hard against my ass.

Jason's voice rumbled in my ears. "Why don't we all get more comfortable?"

Lauren removed her mouth from my breast long enough to help me over to the pile of pillows resting against the bed's headboard. She knelt alongside me and ran her hands over my rib cage and up to my chest.

"I love your breasts," Lauren murmured as she gave them a squeeze. "They're so full and perky."

She punctuated the sentence by sucking my nipple into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the nub, licking and sucking until it grew hard.



"ONCE THE DOOR CLICKED SHUT BEHIND US, ALL HINTS OF PROPRIETY WENT OUT THE WINDOW."

While Lauren's mouth worked over one nipple, her hand honed in on the other. She pinched the bud between her pointer finger and her thumb pad, applying just enough pressure to produce a light sting that resonated in my clit.

Then there was Jason. He knelt between my legs, watching intently as his wife played with my tits. His hands skimmed up and down my legs, starting from the ankle and traveling all the way up to my hip. Each time he reached my thighs, he swooped down to the thick flesh on the inside, skirting closer to my pussy with every pass.

When Jason's hand finally brushed over my clit, stars burst right before my eyes.

But he didn't linger. His fingers kept on moving down into my slit. He opened his fingers wide, pulling my folds apart. Then he ran his hand down the center, using my juices to get his skin nice and slick.

Using my natural lubricant to glide right along, Jason slipped back up to my clit. He pressed the tips of his fingers to the little bundle of nerves, circling it slowly.

My body melted under his touch. The initial shock of feeling his hand on my clit gave way to pure pleasure. He and Lauren worked in concert to get me off.

By now Lauren had extended her touch far beyond my breasts. Though her mouth remained firmly latched to my nipple, Lauren's hands started to wander over my upper body. Her fingers skimmed over my skin, heightening my sensitivity to a point that even gently grazing over my arm made the pulse between my legs beat harder.

Lauren hovered over me, blocking my view of Jason so that I couldn't see that he'd shifted positions. Suddenly the delicate touch of his fingers was replaced by something hot and thick.

He slid his shaft over my slit, coating himself with my arousal. The tip of his dick tapped against my clit, making my hips jerk beneath him.

Finally, Jason positioned himself right against my hole. He circled the tip of his dick, priming my pussy so that he could slip inside.

Jason entered me slowly, easing his hips forward until he was buried to the hilt. His fingers curled into my hips as he pulled me onto his lap, angling my body so that even a slight twitch of his dick made my pussy pulse.

Lauren's fingers connected with my clit at the exact moment her husband's dick pressed against my G-spot. They moved in tandem, working together to make my moans turn into full-on screams.

LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA



Then Lauren managed to fit her mouth over my clit.

“Holy fuck!”

My scream echoed off the walls. The combination of Lauren’s tongue working my clit and Jason’s thick, long dick pumping inside my pussy was more than I could take.

My walls clamped down hard on Jason’s dick, holding him in place so that he would keep rubbing on my G-spot. Soon the tightness in my pussy spread to my limbs. All of my muscles grew impossibly tense, then, finally, after a few gasping breaths, I fell over the edge.

Every bit of my body rippled and twitched as my orgasm rolled through me. That was very good news for Jason’s dick. My walls fluttered against his shaft, milking him until he exploded inside me, filling my pussy with thick, hot come.

We collapsed in a sweaty tangle of limbs, taking a break before indulging in another round. When I left the following morning, I had two new phone numbers saved in my cell and plans to meet them both for drinks the following night.

—Amy B., via email

VINTAGE VIXEN

Cara likes flea markets, so when my coworker Mike told me about a big one in upstate New York, I thought it would be a good chance to get away with her. Three days of digging through other people’s stuff, a road trip, a nice hotel somewhere. It would be fun.

We stopped halfway there and got a hotel room overnight. She was so excited by the prospect of three days of treasure-hunting, she could hardly contain herself. She had two glasses of wine at dinner instead of one, so she had the giggles.

When we got back to our room after a brief walk around the small town, I figured she’d take a hot bath, read some, and go to bed early.

She never fails to surprise me, though.

Instead, she pushed me back on the bed, hopped on top of me, leaned her body down to crush her soft breasts against my chest, and said, “You always think of the perfect things for me. And that, darling, makes me horny. Do you want to fuck me?”

“Is that a real question?” I asked.

My cock was already stirring to

life, growing hard inside my jeans. I pushed my hands up under her short blue sundress and found her panties. I tugged them down until her ass was bare. I stroked it at first and then gave it a sharp tap with my palm.

She shivered all over and grinned.

“Have I been bad?”

“Have you?”

“I had two glasses of wine instead of one.”

“Ah,” I said, giving her another smart crack. “That does deserve some discipline.”

She gave me a mock wide-eyed look of surprise even as I moved her. I sat on the edge of the bed, took her wrist, and led her to drape herself across my lap.

I left her panties where they were—rolled down beneath her ripe ass cheeks. I gave her ten good swipes, alternating cheeks and watching my handprints raise up cherry-red on her pale white skin like some kind of magic trick.

She was squirming, sighing, giving little cries.

“I know for a fact, little girl, that if I shove my fingers in that tight pussy of yours it’s going to be drenched, isn’t it?”

She nodded eagerly.

“Such a bad girl,” I said for good measure. Then I pushed two fingers into her cunt and felt it grip me eagerly. Slick and warm and just dying to be filled with dick. My dick.

I spanked her some more, watching her wriggle and squirm. It was luscious, the sight of her full ass ablaze with the marks I gave her. When she was practically hump-ing my leg, I said, “Take your clothes off. Get on the bed.”

She laid on her back, wincing only slightly when her bottom rested on the hotel bedspread. She parted her legs for me, and I traced the juicy red folds of her pussy with my finger.

“Play with yourself,” I said.

I stepped back to undress while watching her finger herself. She stroked her pert little clit with a fingertip as she

“HE KNEELED BETWEEN MY LEGS, WATCHING INTENTLY AS HIS WIFE PLAYED WITH MY TITS.”

watched me. When my cock popped free of my boxer briefs, she groaned a little, licked her lips, and shoved two fingers inside her cunt.

I had to shut my eyes for a minute to get control.

I climbed over her, and she wrapped her long legs around my waist. My cock rode the split of her pussy lips. I moved against her, getting some friction going. She hummed under her breath and finally said, “Put it in me, baby.”

My brain went blank, but my body responded. I pulled back and slid my cock through her wetness, pushing deliberately against her clitoris until she whimpered. Then I pushed inside her soft, velvety warmth, feeling it enclose me, rippling and flexing. She was undeniably horny and it felt like she was close to coming.

“Are you right there?” I asked.

She nodded, clutching my biceps as I moved into her. I kissed her and pushed into her deeply. I rocked my hips from side to side to get to the places that always made her writhe beneath me.

I felt her clench her pussy, and my breath rushed out of me.

“Come for me, then. Just come.”

She chewed her lower lip, moved up to meet me, and when I moved faster, she let go. When she came, I marveled at her wetness.

I only made it a few more strokes before I gave in. I pressed my body to hers, holding her close, and gave a final thrust before letting go. We were both soaked and laughing.

“Can’t wait to see what tomorrow brings,” she whispered in my ear.

Neither could I.

We left our meager treasures in the car. We hadn’t found a lot, but what we had found was pretty great. A nice piece of vintage furniture, a great piece of jewelry, and some very old, very beautiful books.

We headed straight for the bathroom. Our hotel had a lovely modern shower that was all glass and slate.

“We are so dirty,” Cara said, laughing.

“Yes, we are.”

She turned the water to hot, stripped herself bare, and dropped all her hair in a pile. She stepped inside and stood beneath the spray. When she put her hands back to rinse her hair, her small breasts moved seductively with the motion. Her nipples were hard and pink. I watched the water wind its way down her body and trickle across her pussy.

I took my clothes off and joined her.

“You don’t like your water this hot,” she said, smiling. But she reached for me.

She tugged me under the spray by grabbing ahold of my cock and leading me with that.

I rinsed the dust off me. We stood

there under the spray and kissed.

“I’ll soap you and you soap me,” I whispered in her ear. Then I nipped her earlobe hard enough that she squealed.

I soaped her up and shampooed her hair. She returned the favor. When we were done, she grabbed my dick again and squeezed.

“Still hard,” she noted.

“And it will be.”

She gave me a questioning look and I said, “Until I get to drive it inside you and your tight little pussy,” I said. I pushed her against the tile, grabbed her generous ass, and squeezed. Then I licked her lower lip with the tip of my tongue. I did it the same way I’d flick her clit. She knew it, too, because she trembled in my arms.

“You’re going to make me nuts,” she said.

“Let’s go.”

I led her to the bed and pushed her back. I got down on my knees and spread her legs wide. I held her hips down with my hands, knowing it would make her nuts. It did. She tested my



LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA

strength by moving her hips slightly. I pressed down to stop her.

I touched my tongue to her pussy and licked. She shuddered. It wouldn't take much, I thought. She was so far gone already.

I parted her lips with my fingers and blew on her clit. I listened to her mumble some nonsense sounds as she tossed her head.

I went back to her with my tongue, tickling her clit with just the tip. When she groaned, I changed to a gentle lap, licking her like an ice cream cone with absolutely no urgency. I took my sweet time and made her suffer.

"Jesus, please—"

I sucked her clitoris and listened to her sigh. Then I gave her a nice normal rhythm that would get her where she needed to go. Her scent filled my head, and her sweet/salty taste filled my mouth. I drew on her roughly, and with startling force she came, her body growing taut as she grabbed the back of my head and arched up. The orgasm

rocked her and I reveled in its force.

I flipped her to her belly and spread her legs in a wide V. Her toes were on the floor, her upper body on the tall bed. I moved in close behind her and dragged my fin-ger through her wetness. Cruelly, I dipped a single finger inside her pussy.

"Do you want it?"

"Fuck. You know I do."

"Tell me." I pulled my finger free and pushed it against her back hole.

She shivered.

"I want it," she said.

"Want what?"

"Your cock. I want your cock in me."

"Call it a dick," I said, torturing her. I grinned, but she couldn't see me.

"Your dick," she said. "I want your dick."

**"I LEFT HER PANTIES
WHERE THEY WERE—
ROLLED DOWN BENEATH
HER RIPE ASS CHEEKS."**

That felled me. I moved in closer and slid my cock between her drenched thighs. I thrust against the soaked skin, so close to where she wanted me, but not really there.

She growled at me like an animal, and I chuckled.

I spread her ass cheeks, looking at her ass just to make her wait.

She pushed back toward me, tempting me. And winning.

I hauled her hips a little higher and pushed my cock into her wet hole. She shoved herself back to take me. Her wet heat engulfed me as I held her slim hips and squeezed. I rocked into her gently at first, but when she drove herself back, demanding more—harder—I gave her what she wanted.

She stood on tiptoes, taking every thrust I gave her. She clenched her pussy tightly around me, and I clenched my jaw. She did it again, pushing herself toward an orgasm.

I fucked her faster and she said, "Jesus, yes!"

And then she came. Her pussy rippled around me, teasing me. I was so close. So very close.

And she knew it. She shoved her ass back, knocking me off-balance.

She turned, dropped to her knees on the thick carpet, and sucked me into her mouth. Her small hand worked me, her tongue caressed me. But when she looked up at me with those big blue eyes, that's what did me in.

She slowed, driving her mouth down to the base of my cock, her nostrils flaring. And then, staring me in the eye, she went back to my tip and sucked me in again.

I gave her what she wanted. I came.

She gulped me down and then pulled her mouth off my cock.

"So, how's your getaway so far, baby?" she asked, grinning up at me.

"Too good. I can't even tell you," I said, brushing her bangs out of her face.

—P.L., via email



THE DEAN'S WIFE

Last year my girlfriend and I rented this small cottage in upstate New York while she took on some summer research with a nearby vet school. We've been together four years now, and every time she takes her top off, I still go "Wow" inside. I guess you could call this a sign of a healthy relationship. What I didn't expect, however, was that things were going to get even hotter.

While my lovely Julia is an accomplished animal scientist, I'm a chef, and I primarily work in catering for special events. This upstate university luckily had plenty of events going on that summer, so while Julia did her research thing, I was happy to stack my cash from cooking. The school gave me charge of a large white delivery van to move food from the kitchen site to whatever venue. Since it's an agricultural campus with a lot of rolling, open terrain, vehicular transport is a must.

On Thursday afternoons, Julia finished early, so sometimes she'd hop in the van and keep me company while I dropped off party platters or whatever. One such afternoon, we headed down a rural route to a historic manor just off campus where some bigwig's wife was hosting a fundraiser. Unfortunately, torrential rain that morning meant lots of mud and marshy patches. We had no sooner reached the longish gravel driveway leading up to the house when the van got stuck.

"Dammit," I said, trying all the tricks in the book to free the van.

"Let me see how bad it is," Julia offered. She got out of the van and headed around to the back. I lowered my driver's window. After taking a look at the situation, Julia called out to me, "Honey? Maybe try just one more time and see—"

Before she could finish, I hit the gas and then heard her yell, "Oh shit!"



I killed the van's engine, hopped out, and went to my girlfriend, who was covered in mud spatter from a spinning tire. It was mostly on her clothes, with a bit on her chin.

"I didn't have time to move out of the way," she laughed.

"That's what it looks like," I teased.

Julia giggled. "You think they'll let me help you unload the food wearing this?"

"Of course. It's all-natural couture. Hippies and rich people love it."

She gave me a playful shove and pressed her tits against my chest, deliberately im-printing my white T-shirt with mud. One thing led to another, and Julia and I began having a dirty play fight. We were so busy laughing and kissing that we were oblivious to a car turning into the drive. I had my hands up Julia's shirt, on her amazing breasts, when the car appeared and we were busted.

"Caught in the act," Julia said, pushing me away.

The driveway was just broad enough for the car to be able to get around my van. But the white Mercedes coupe stopped before us. The driver, a gorgeous brunette dressed in an elegant suit, in her late forties, I guessed, lowered her window.

"Hello," the woman said, smiling with

perfect teeth, her lips glossy and plump. "Sorry I'm late. There's no one else home, so you would have been waiting. Instead you had some fun. Looks like I need to get this part of the driveway worked on, huh?"

"Are you Sonya?" I said, somewhat moronically, because who else would it be?

I had discussed menu options with Sonya Randall, wife of the school's associate dean. Her phone voice was sexy, though I had no idea she was this hot in person.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "Our rear tires got stuck and..." I tried to find a rational explanation for our mud fight, but couldn't.

A total MILF, Sonya raised her large, tortoiseshell sunglasses and smiled again. Her long-lashed green eyes were beautiful. "No problem," she said. "Actually, it was re-freshing to see two people making the best of a sticky situation."

Julia laughed. "Yes, well, if you happen to have a roll of paper towels."

"Oh, I'll do better than that," Sonya replied. "Just leave the van here and I'll meet you at the house. You can get cleaned up, unload the food, and we can call a towing service. They should be able to get your van back onto the street."

LETTERS

➤ CARNALCOPIA

"Oh, thank you," I said.

Sonya beamed another perfect smile. "Great. See you up at the house," she said. With that, the dean's wife gave a cute wave and motored around the van.

Since the vehicle's interior was temperature-controlled for food deliveries, nothing would spoil, so Julia and I walked up the drive toward the white-columned house.

Sonya met us at the door with a roll of paper towels and a bin so we could get started on our muddy hands.

"Alex," she said, her eyes flashing, "it's great to finally put a face to the name."

I laughed. "Yeah, well, thanks for tolerating a somewhat dirty face."

"Don't worry about it! The younger me would have done the same thing. Actually, I still would."

Leaving our shoes on squares of paper towel just outside the door, we padded behind Sonya deeper into the house. She pointed to a doorway on the left and said, "Alex, that's the powder room. My two sons are out of the house

now, but some of their shirts are still in a closet upstairs. Let's head up and grab you a shirt. Then you can use the powder room to clean up and I'll find something suitable for Julia to change into." Sonya reached out and touched Julia's arm as she spoke.

We headed upstairs and a minute later I was on my way back down to the powder room with a navy polo shirt that Sonya's younger son once wore. At the time, I was too bird-brained to pick up on the subtle fireworks going on between Julia and Sonya. As I walked off, Sonya said to me, "Come find us when you're done."

I turned around and said, "Great. I'll see you soon." Then I stood there a moment watching these two pretty women walk down a carpeted hall. I heard Sonya said to my girlfriend, "You've got a lovely figure. Let's find you something pretty."

Down in the powder room, I washed up and put on the polo shirt. Then I started up-stairs. I heard faint giggling

from one of the second-floor rooms. When I reached the room, its door was slightly open and I could see into a sun-filled bedroom with an ad-joining bathroom whose door was wide open. Nothing could have prepared me for what I saw in that bathroom! It had one of those old-fashioned claw-foot tub and Julia, fully nude, was getting a soapy sponge bath from hospitable Sonya.

As I stood watching from the doorway, Sonya caressed Julia's breasts and sucked her nipples, moving the loofah lower and lower down her torso. Julia closed her eyes and moaned, her knees dipping, when Sonya's fingers reached her pussy.

At this point I decided to make myself known. I entered the bedroom and started for the bathroom.

Both women turned and waved to me.

"Hi honey," Julia said with a giggle.

"We didn't think you would mind—at least, I hope you don't," Sonya added.

My cock began to throb as I watched Sonya stroke Julia's pussy some more and plant a kiss on her flat belly.

Gasping in pleasure, Julia looked at me. "You don't mind, baby, do you?"

I shook my head. "Of course not!"

Up until that point, I had always suspected that maybe my girlfriend had been down-playing her interest in other women. She mentioned a few sorority memories from her undergrad years, but would always demur when I'd ask if she'd ever done more than kiss another girl. I never wanted to freak Julia out by talking about my threesome fantasies, because truly she is enough for me. But hot damn, this chance to share Julia with another beautiful woman was too good to pass up.

"Do you want to join us, or just watch?" Sonya asked.

"Both," I said. "Anything."

Julia giggled and stepped out of the tub. She and Sonya kissed, and then Sonya led us both into the bedroom where a lavish four-poster bed awaited.



Wanting to savor every second, I held back while Julia helped Sonya get undressed—her body, as I suspected, was incredible—and then the women got in bed and kissed some more, passionately. Seeing Julia get so turned on by another woman was hot. And for this other woman to be Sonya, the ultimate MILF fantasy in my book, made things triply exciting. Sonya's slim, long-legged body came with an enhanced set of D-cup breasts—stunning in and of themselves—and a neatly trimmed landing strip. To my eyes, Sonya could have easily passed for a glam centerfold.

I watched as she got on top of my girlfriend and played with her tits. Then she turned around and looked at me. “Do you mind if I eat your girlfriend’s pussy?”

“Not at all,” I muttered.

Sonya smirked. “Thank you. But maybe you should make yourself useful and eat me out, too. How does that sound, Alex?”

I stripped off my clothes and got behind naked Sonya. The three of us kissed each other before the oral sex ensued. I had Sonya sitting on my face, so I really couldn't see my girlfriend, but I could hear her moans of pleasure. By now I was rock hard, ready for wherever this was going to go.

We had Julia get on all fours, with Sonya stretched beneath her, mouth at Julia's crotch. I took up a position behind my girlfriend. Together, Sonya and I went to work, tonguing every inch of Julia's pussy and ass until she collapsed in orgasm.

As Julia lay there trying to catch her breath, Sonya kissed her neck, then purred, “You have a good man right there. I think we should reward him.”

“I think so too,” Julia said, grabbing my cock.

What happened next was like a dream, with both women sucking my cock. They took turns, deep-throating me like it was a contest. Licking my



“THEY TOOK TURNS, DEEP-THROATING ME LIKE IT WAS A CONTEST.”

shaft. Stroking my balls. I don't know how I managed to last, but I was trying my best to prolong this bliss. The MILF in our trio sensed I was barely holding on and nudged the younger woman beside her. “I think it's time one of us got to fuck him,” Sonya said.

“I think he should have you first,” Julia responded, and kissed Sonya again.

Sonya presented her ass—she wanted it doggie-style—and so I entered her from behind. Her pussy lips enveloped my cock with every thrust. While I fucked Sonya, this brunette goddess ate my girlfriend again—and I had a view of it all. The combination of fucking

this hot MILF while her tongue danced across my girlfriend's most intimate folds pushed me over the edge into a mind-blowing orgasm. But just before I exploded, with a roar, Sonya correctly sensed the moment and pulled her amazing ass away, turning to me so she and Julia could share my load.

Collapsing onto the bed, I caught my breath while the women started to play together again. Julia and I didn't have anywhere to rush off to, and the van was stuck anyway. We'd unload the food whenever all this fun ended. I learned there's nothing like getting dirty—and clean—and dirty again, when the company is right.

-J.T., Queens, New York

Send your stories to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



CALIFORNIA GIRL

My roommate Ryan and I both have a thing for girls with big tits. His ex-girlfriend was absolutely stacked, which I was jealous of until I realized she was controlling as hell. She recently dumped him, so we decided we'd go out and find an even more beautiful girl for his rebound sex.

We hit the campus parties first. Ryan got laid pretty consistently that week, but no one was on a level with his ex. And to be fair, how many G-cups were there in the world? He'd all but given up on finding him a lady busty enough to purge all thoughts of the ex from his brain when I convinced him to hit the beach with me.

California beaches are full of hotties. Half of them are aspiring actresses or models, and the others just look beautiful because there's some sort of weird gravitational pull to the West Coast that draws gorgeous girls.

We walked up and down the beach, eyeing the sea of Grade-A primo pussy. I saw a few I wouldn't mind slipping the D to, but Ryan was being way too picky. We were arguing about his unreasonable expectations when a woman came bounding past in pursuit of a Frisbee.

Boobs. My eyes were immediately glued to them. Big, massive, honking hooters. I tell you, the Earth trembled in awe at those knockers, which were barely re-restrained in a red swimsuit. It was one of those underwire suits that look like a bra, and Jesus, it was art. She was built thick and sexy, with thighs that could suffocate a man, but nothing could compete with those beautiful breasts. When she caught the Frisbee and flung it back, her tits jiggled like Irish step-dancers on crack.

Ryan noticed that I'd stopped. He



turned around to see what I was looking at, then staggered as if he'd been punched. "Sweet merciful melons," he said.

Unfortunately, he didn't say it very quietly. The woman in the red swimsuit looked directly at him. Judging from her narrowed eyes, she wasn't thrilled with the comment.

Ryan, being a little drunk from our pre-beach margaritas and also kind of an outrageous dick, dropped to his knees in the sand and clasped his hands to his chest. "Forgive me," he proclaimed. "You have struck me senseless."

She rolled her eyes. "Clearly not senseless enough, if you're still talking."

I muffled a laugh, and she looked at me. "Are you enamored of my breasts, too?" she asked.

It was not how I'd imagined the conversation going, but I rolled with it. "I sure am," I said. "In the most respectful way possible, I would compromise pretty much every personal principle I have for the chance to suck your nipples."

Ryan reached over and smacked my leg. "Dude, back off."

The goddess looked down her gorgeous nose at him, then at me, then

nodded as if she'd made some decision. "It's both of you or nothing, boys."

I gaped at her. What the fuck? I tried to speak but couldn't come up with anything.

"Both of us?" Ryan asked.

She shrugged. "I'm in the mood for an orgasm, and I appreciate teamwork."

Ryan pulled me aside for a quick convo. "I'm down if you are," he said. "God knows I've run into you wanking in our apartment way too many times. At this point I'm used to your dick."

"And I've had to listen to your screeching sex through the wall way too many times," I retorted.

"So are we doing it?"

I high-fived him. "Hell yeah. We're doing it."

The goddess cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted at her Frisbee-throwing friend. "Hey, bitch, I'm going to go get some cock. Be right back."

I cringed as people on the beach stared at us with outraged expressions, but Ryan burst out laughing. "I like this chick," he said.

She led us away from the crowd near the pier. The beach was still full of people, but they thinned out the further

**“EVERY PASS OF MY
HANDS GOT A LITTLE
CLOSER TO THAT
SWEET SPOT BETWEEN
HER LEGS.”**

we hiked. Finally, we reached a pop-up awning that covered a few chairs and some bags. She worked at the ties that held the tent's sides up, and they fell, enclosing us in a plastic white space. It was hot in the tent, but I didn't care when she was looking at us like that.

She grinned, then reached behind to unhook her swimsuit. She shimmied the red fabric off, revealing the most perfect breasts I'd ever seen. They were full and heavy, with giant nipples I couldn't wait to get my mouth around. She cupped her breasts in her hands, and they overflowed her palms. “Well?” she asked. “Are you going to show me what you're good for?”

I was already hard just looking at her, and any embarrassment I might have felt at doing this in front of Ryan vanished. I stripped off my swim trunks and headed toward her. Ryan got there first and started kissing her, but I had no problem waiting my turn. I got behind her and wrapped my arms around her, rubbing over her tummy and thighs. Every pass of my hands got a little closer to that sweet spot between her legs.

She reached back and tangled her hands in my hair, and I took advantage of the greater access to her tits. I cupped and lifted them, then lightly pinched her hard nipples. She moaned and rubbed her ass against my cock. She was still wearing a swimsuit, so I dropped one of my hands to tug on



the strings tying her suit together at the sides. The fabric fell away, leaving her completely naked.

Ryan knocked my hand away from her boobs so he could get at them, but I rolled with it and reached between her thighs. She parted her legs with a sigh, letting my fingers in. I ran them over her wet pussy, then rubbed her clit in firm circles. She moaned and grinded against me.

Wanting more of that action, I adjusted myself so my dick was between her legs and she was straddling my erection. She rocked back and forth, rubbing wetness all over it. As she worked to get herself off, she grabbed Ryan's dick and started jacking him.

This scenario was hot, but I was worried I would come too fast, so I backed off. “Get on your hands and knees,” I told her. Jesus, I didn't even know this woman's name, and I was about to be inside her. She obliged, kneeling in the sand. Ryan knelt in front of her and slid his dick between her lips, and I got behind her and bent down until I could eat her out. She tasted great, and she made the sexiest noises as I licked from clit to ass, although Ryan

was fucking her mouth like a piston, so the noises were muffled.

We traded off after that, and she went to town on my knob with extreme enthusiasm. She sucked dick like a pro, and she was uninhibited as Ryan fingered her from behind.

I pulled out just enough to let her talk. “Condoms?” I asked.

She directed me to one of the bags, and I got two condoms out. I tossed one to Ryan, but there was something I wanted to do before I rolled mine on. I flipped her onto her back, then knelt over her and placed my dick between her breasts. She squeezed them together around me. I fucked her cleavage with slow strokes, watching the head of my dick peep up from between those massive knockers. Titty-fucking had never really worked with other girls before, but it sure as hell worked here.

She moaned and arched her back, squeezing her breasts even tighter around me. I helped her out, pinching her nipples as I thrust back and forth across her chest.

She lost it at the nipple-pinching. A little scream came out of her throat, and

LETTERS

TOP HEAVY

her head thrashed on the sand. She started begging us to fuck her.

Ryan went first, kneeling between her legs and fucking like a man possessed. I held her down as he railed her, watching her tits bounce. I slapped them around a little—not hard enough to really hurt, just gentle little smacks. That resulted in more beg-ging. We were probably being way too loud, but I didn't give a fuck.

Ryan seized up and made a hilarious orgasm face I was going to make fun of him for forever. The second he slid out, I took his place, although I got her on her hands and knees again. Sand rained down from her hair and shoulders, but thankfully, none of it had gotten anywhere near that glistening pink pussy. I slid the condom on, then lined up and plunged into her with one quick stroke. She arched her back and wriggled on my dick, getting me as deep

as she could.

I fucked her steadily, setting a good but not overwhelming pace. She hadn't orgasmed yet, but by the flush on her skin and the way she kept gasping, she was close. Her breasts slapped against each other with each thrust. I gripped her hip with one hand, then leaned close so I could strum her clit with the other. I worked that little bud hard, and the work paid off when she shivered and starting coming. Her cunt tightened around my dick in little rhythmic bursts.

Someone outside the tent was shouting at us to keep it down and have some consideration, but I was balls-deep in the finest woman I'd ever seen, and there was no way in hell I was going to stop.

Alas, biology gets the best of everyone. Come jetted out of me, filling the con-dom. I was vaguely aware of the crazed contortions my face was going

through, but that's only because Ryan laughed and said "killer O-face, bro."

When we were done, I collapsed on the sand—on my back, no sandy dick for me—and stared up at the tent roof, hardly able to believe what had just happened.

Our busty angel got to her feet, brushed the sand off, and slipped back into her bikini. I bid farewell to those breasts, but they looked reddened and well-loved, so the parting was bittersweet. She looked at Ryan and me lying in the sand, then tipped her head back and laughed.

"Thanks for the fuck, boys," she said, flipping her hair over her shoulder. Then she marched out of the tent, leaving us behind.

I had never been so thoroughly used and then discarded, and I wasn't even a little bit mad about it. Who was I to deny a goddess?

—Kyle T., Los Angeles, CA

IN THE CLUB

When one of your buddies is getting married, you celebrate at a strip club. Of course, once we walked through the door, my friend's impending nuptials were the furthest thing from my mind. We had just settled in the club's VIP booth when a busty brunette caught my eye. She smiled at me and sauntered over, her enormous tits bouncing slightly offbeat with every step.

She stopped in front of me and pinned me with a smile. Her lips were lush and thick, perfect for kissing—or to perform a bit of sucking.

I wanted her to get closer, so I opened my legs wider, inviting her to step in between so that her breasts would be at eye level. Then, with a quick snap of her fingers, the front clasp of her bra fell open, allowing her big, luscious



globes to spill over the rigid corset that wrapped around her waist. Her tits were right at my eye level now. They were more than a handful—even two of my meaty hands couldn't encompass one of her melons.

I was so busy staring, I hardly had time to react when she grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face to her chest. Her breasts parted to let me in before swallowing me up in their softness.

The sweet scent of floral perfume emanating from her skin brought me back to reality. I blew air over her flesh and gave my head a shake, enjoying the way it made her breasts vibrate against my cheeks. She was supple, warm, and oh-so-welcoming. I turned my head from side to side, allowing myself to fall deeper into the cavern between her tits.

When she took a step back, her enormous boobs bounced before my eyes. Her large, tan areolas were the size of the palm of my hand, each dotted with a little chocolate button at its center.

I licked my lips, wondering what it would be like to run my tongue over those tiny brown nubs. Before I could lean forward to find out, the vision before me palmed the sides of her breasts, fanning her fingers as she pushed them together. All the while she gyrated her hips, showing me all the best jiggly bits of her body that I was dying to sink my teeth into.

When my dancing beauty moved her hands from her tits to her thighs, the real show began. Now able to move unencumbered, her tits swayed to a different rhythm than the rest of her body.

I leaned forward in my seat, a man transfixed. The whole club could have gone up in flames at that moment and still I'd have sat there, blissfully ignoring the chaos brewing around me to keep staring at those delectable breasts.

Only one thing could pull me from my stupor, and that was the erection throbbing against the zipper of my jeans. Simply shifting in my seat wasn't



“HER BREASTS SPILLED OVER HER HANDS, MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR HER TO KEEP THEM TOGETHER.”

enough. No, my dick demanded action.

Unable to ignore the insistent pulse a moment longer, I palmed my dick through my jeans and tried to readjust. My shaft was so sensitive by that point that the thick denim of my pants did nothing to dull the feeling of my hand running over my dick. Immediately it seemed to perk up, tenting my pants so tightly I thought it might burst through the zipper.

Through all of this, I was acutely aware that my not-so-tiny dancer was watching. She licked her lips as I shifted my dick into a more comfortable position. Then she said something that nearly made my jaw fall to the floor.

“Poor baby,” she cooed. “Here, let me help you.”

She dropped to her knees and eased herself between my legs. When she leaned forward to reach for my zipper, her breasts bumped against my thighs, holding her back. She smiled over the slight setback before lifting herself just a tiny bit higher, allowing her to place her hand over the button on my waistband.

With a quick twist of her fingers, the button popped open. Wasting no time,

she gave my zipper a quick tug. As soon as the material parted, my dick sprang free from the opening. I was so damn rigid I couldn't even stay inside my boxer briefs. My dick found its way through the split seam of my drawers and sprang forward with enthusiasm.

Fortunately, the beautiful woman kneeling at my feet didn't seem to mind. In fact, she looked downright pleased by my body's reaction to hers. Her thick black lashes fanned over her cheeks as she lowered her eyes, pinning me with a sexy, lascivious look that seemed to resonate right there in my groin.

Looking quite pleased to have me completely exposed, she cupped her breasts again and lifted their weight into my lap. Now that her chest was resting on my legs, she was free to scoot herself closer to my crotch. Once she had her body positioned just right, she parted her breasts and sandwiched my dick between them, using her hands to squeeze herself nice and tight around me.

My dick was tucked up all cozy between her breasts, then she started to bounce on her knees, using her cleavage to stroke me. Though her breasts caressed my shaft from top to bottom, her voluptuous curves kept my dick completely covered. Even when she dropped down all the way to the base, my tip barely peeked out the top of her valley.

I watched while she used her curves to caress my shaft. Her breasts spilled over her hands, making it difficult for her to keep them together. They changed shape as she moved, rippling and

LETTERS

TOP HEAVY

shaking while she worked to mold them to fit my dick like a glove.

Without meaning to, I started to rock my hips, trying to increase the force of her pumping my dick. The tip of my dick popped up from between her tits, silently encouraging me to keep on going. I thrust my hips so hard and fast that the tip of my dick tapped at her chin, dotting the little dimple at its center with a glistening spot of my pre-come.

That didn't stop my dancer from moving, of course. Without missing a beat, she trailed her tongue over her lower lip, collecting whatever juice she could.

Then she dropped her hands to her side, taking away all the pressure that was bringing me so much pleasure before. She stood and dipped her fingers into her G-string, pulling out a square foil packet. Its shiny exterior reflected the dim neon lights around the stage, making it sparkle between her fingers.

She placed the wrapper between her teeth and tugged it open, then she eased the rubber out and sucked

it between her lips. After planting her hands on my thighs for support, she bent over me, slowly lowering herself until her lips kissed the tip of my dick.

Her jaw grew slack, allowing her mouth to fall open just enough to allow her to slide the condom down my shaft. When her breasts bumped hard against my leg and she got a little stuck, she swept one hand over to my dick and helped ease the rubber the rest of the way down.

Once my cock was completely sheathed, she rose above me again, looking me in the eye as she rolled her thong right down to her ankles. She stepped out of the underwear and straddled me right there on the banquette. Her pussy hovered above

“I LEANED OVER HIM IN THE CHAIR, MY BOUNTIFUL BOSOM INCHES FROM HIS FACE.”

my dick, taunting me with the promise of sinking inside her.

Instead, she pulled my head down onto her chest again, finally offering me a chance to take a taste of her thick, brown nipples. I tugged one between my teeth and swirled my tongue over it, loving how I could feel it grow longer against my tongue.

The weight of her breasts threatened to drag her nipple from my mouth. That wouldn't do. I sank my fingers into the soft flesh, pressing her close to my face.

Once I'd had my fill, I released her nipple from my lips with a pop. I sat back and looked up at the voluptuous beauty pressing her slick pussy against my dick. She lowered herself onto me just the tiniest bit. My flared cockhead breached her walls, stretching her just enough to let my crown slip inside.

By now a small crowd had grown around us, but I barely noticed them. The only thing on my mind was burying my dick deep inside this woman.

Trying to maintain some semblance of control, I gritted my teeth and curled my fingers into her pillow-soft hips, then I drove my dick inside her in one hard thrust, watching as her tits rose and fell from the impact.

Once I found my rhythm, I leaned back just enough to watch her tits bounce above me while I fucked her. She was hot, wet, and perfectly pliant. I slowed myself down, drawing out my strokes so I could savor how she felt.

That's when I realized that I could control how her tits moved. A long, languid roll of my hips made them wiggle the tiniest bit. It was a pretty sight, but nothing could compare to what happened when I drove my dick into her hard and fast. Then they lifted nice and high before dropping down and shaking right in front of my face.

I wanted more of that.

With my eyes trained on her chest, I pistoned my dick into her. Every thrust made our bodies crash together with



such force that her tits rose high enough to bump against my face.

I wasn't the only one enjoying our hard-and-fast fuck-fest. Her pussy grew tighter by the minute. Every time I withdrew my dick, it took a little bit more effort to dive back inside.

Then she started to twitch over my dick. Knowing I was seconds from busting, I grabbed hold of her tits and pulled them to my mouth—it was the best way I could think of to muffle my groans.

My hips lifted high off the banquette as come spurted from my dick. I pumped myself into her, wrapping my arms around her back to pull our bodies close.

When my hips finally stilled, her rippling muscles continued to milk every last bit of come out of me.

After we both caught our breath, she climbed from my lap and gave me a wink. Then she sauntered over to the stage and climbed up on the pole, spreading her legs wide so the whole club could see where my dick had been.

—P.T., Charlotte, NC

THE ACCOUNTANT

Last summer, even though my love life was a dumpster fire, my career caught fire in a good way. I had finally secured both the funding and the space to launch my own boutique salon, and I could not have been more delighted to be my own boss after so many years working in the trenches for others.

However, there is one element to running your own business that made me shrivel in terror—taxes! Don't laugh, but for those first few months—even though I had all the top do-it-yourself software—I lived in constant fear that I was screwing something up and that the IRS would be sitting on my porch one morning.

"For god's sake, Gemma—just get an accountant," my dear friend Stan told me



at brunch. "Michael knows this guy who deals with small businesses—he did our taxes last year. I'll get you his number."

Since this recommendation was coming from my best gay friend's husband, I admit I sort of assumed I was going to end up with a nice gay accountant. However, the tax guy Michael recommended was not what I expected.

Andrew was pencil-thin, with ginger-blond hair and glasses. He had such a boyish face it almost looked like he was playing dress-up in his dark, conservative suit. But it turned out he was thirtyfive, just a few years younger than me. And it wasn't long after we met that I decided the slender, bespectacled accountant was very straight.

We got together for coffee to discuss the business and my needs. While Andrew was a consummate professional in terms of his laser focus on my taxes, there was something about the way he looked at me. Those brown eyes peeking through wire-rimmed glasses glowed like those of an eager puppy dog when I met his gaze. And early on, I caught those

eyes darting toward my cleavage. Typical!

I wasn't offended in the least, however. I'm a five-five brunette who inherited my ample curves—and love of carbs—from my mom's Italian side of the family. My breasts are natural DD/E cups, and they sway like pendulums when I move around naked. My waist tucks in neatly from full hips, which gives me an hourglass shape, and I have a round, apple-shaped bottom. Stan once said I'm a Rubenesque dream living in the wrong century, but I don't hide these curves.

If a guy doesn't check out my knockers, I kind of assume he's blind, since even gay guys have said nice thing about my tits! Anyway, as Andrew and I were just about done with our official business, I caught him sneaking another glance at my chest. Smiling, I leaned forward—my signature "I'm up here" move. "Andrew," I asked, "is there anything else you can think of where tax deductions are concerned?"

He blushed a bit. "Well, actually, maybe I could swing by the salon tomorrow."

"Do you need a hair cut?" I deadpanned.

LETTERS

TOP HEAVY

"Now that you mention it, I could probably stand for a touch-up. No, I was thinking I could help you go over your supply inventory numbers, because even the smallest things can add up to"—his eyes darted to my boobs again—"major rebates."

"That sounds good," I said. "How about after six when I close up? That way I can give you my full attention."

"Perfect," he replied.

I offered my hand. "Thank you again for meeting with me on such short notice."

"The pleasure was mine. I look forward to our next meeting." Andrew stood and fixed his jacket. We said goodbye. I'd never mixed business and pleasure before, but I couldn't deny the fact that I enjoyed his attention. And after recently being burned by yet another cowardly jerk, something about Andrew's boyish sweetness mixed, along with his initiative in suggesting this return visit, struck a chord.

The next day, I must admit I wore a slinky black dress that showed off my cleavage. I also made sure my last client was done by well before five, so I had more than an hour to clean up and prepare for Andrew's arrival. In addition, I put some wine in the mini fridge. I wasn't sure what to expect, but hope springs eternal, right?

Luckily, this time my hopes were not in vain. Andrew arrived right at six—and great minds clearly think alike, because he'd brought a bottle of wine with him.

"This meeting cuts into happy hour," he said, "so I thought we should toast to good business." He looked me up and down again—this time a bit more openly. "Do you want to get right to the inventory numbers, or would you rather make me a bit more presentable with that touch-up we mentioned yesterday?"

Laughing, I said, "Andrew, I think you look great, but since we are in a salon, let's get you in the chair. I can thank you for your advice by giving you a little trim."

As I spoke, I realized I could have



"HE FILLED MY PUSSY WITH A LONG, HARD COCK AS BOUNTIFUL AS MY BOOBS."

maybe used a different word than that last one. I swear I did see a little glint in Andrew's eyes, but then again there was already something in the air between us. I was feeling excited to see where this would go. I told him, "Go have a seat in the shampoo chair and get comfortable."

Andrew took another quick peek at the cleavage straining against the top of my dress, then hung up his jacket and glanced around my salon. "You've done a nice job with this place. The interior design firm I handle isn't half as well-decorated."

I felt pride bubbling up as I watched him admire the space. Thanking him, I added, "It's nice to hear someone so appreciative." Andrew sat down in the chair and set his glasses on the counter. "It's the little things," he said. "They're important."

"Music to my ears!" I replied, patting him on the shoulder.

And then Andrew took some more

initiative. Looking directly at my cleavage, he said, "I'm a fan of big things, too." I felt something stir inside me. Grinning, he held my gaze, then joked, "I hope you won't drip soap in my eye for saying so!"

"Nope, not soap," I said, my eyes still locked on his. "But maybe something else?"

I leaned over him in the chair, my bountiful bosom inches from his face.

Andrew inhaled sharply. "Mmmm, I like that perfume. And I very much like what I'm seeing, even without my glasses. Truth be told, I'd love an even closer look."

Andrew pulled me in tighter, burying his face in my cleavage.

I giggled. "Can you breathe?"

I heard a muffled "Mmm hmmm," followed by, "God, your tits are amazing."

Then Andrew leaned back enough to stare up into my eyes. A moment later, we began to kiss. I never would have guessed this by looking at him, but he was a great kisser. And the ferocity of his desire turned me on—a buzz traveled from my lips to my clit to my toes! Our make-out session in the chair by the sink quickly escalated. Andrew pulled me into his lap and once more buried his face in my rack.

"You're a goddess, you know that, Gemma?" Andrew caressed the outer

swells of my breasts and ran his hands over the curves of my hips. He sighed with pleasure.

"Some men think I'm too much to handle," I said.

"Then they aren't real men." Kissing my neck, he added, "Lucky for me!"

I was already wet, but in that moment, Andrew managed to rev my desire even more. I slipped down the top of my dress and teased him, slowly removing my bra.

"Let's see how you handle these," I said. Grinning, I offered him one of my nipples.

Andrew eagerly went to work, swirling his tongue around the rosy areola and sucking my sensitive buds until I gasped. "Oh god," I said. "That feels so good."

"How about we move to the couch?" Andrew said after a couple minutes.

"Good idea," I agreed. We kissed our way across my salon, shedding clothes en route. By the time we got to the couch, I was down to my lace bikini bottoms.

Andrew stood before me, savoring the sight of my breasts and hips. Then he moved around behind me and began kissing his way down my lower back. He planted more kisses of adoration on my ass. He ran his hands along my hips, then slipped my bikini bottoms down my legs and off. Next he began stroking my pussy.

It made me shudder. "I really want you," I whispered.

"I want you too, Gemma," he said, his voice thick with lust. He followed up what he said by slipping another finger into my wet crease. Then, with the same enthusiasm he'd displayed motorboating between my tits, Andrew pushed me down on the couch and focused on my pussy, driving me wild with his fingers and relentless tongue.

Soon I felt an orgasm building. But all the same, I said, "Fuck me! Now. I want to come on your cock!" Andrew moved his face away from my pussy, licking my juices off his fingers. The erection in his

boxer briefs was already impressive, but I felt a thrill of electric surprise when his enormous, rockhard cock appeared.

I cried out in ecstasy as he entered me. He filled my pussy with a long, hard cock as bountiful as my boobs. We both came completely unhinged in our passion.

Andrew took me places I'd never been, all of them along the road to an incredible orgasm. "Yes, yes, yes!" I began screaming. I felt my body start to shake from the inside out. Andrew didn't let up—he kept thrusting, fucking me harder and harder with that huge cock, until I came so intensely that heaven and earth merged.

When I opened my eyes again, Andrew was smiling down at me.

"Don't worry," I said, still panting a little. "We aren't done." I lubed up my tits with some nearby hand lotion. "You still want your salon treatment today, right?"

Andrew laughed, but quickly was gasping and groaning as my tits enveloped his huge shaft. I sucked his cock and titty-fucked him until I was

rewarded with his load shooting all over my breasts. A few minutes later, we opened his bottle of wine, got some music going in the salon, and spent the rest of the night together.

These days, my business is booming. And thanks to Andrew, I no longer worry about my taxes. However, I will have to reupholster the salon couch soon. We've ended up on that couch many more times, enjoying multiple sequels to that first night.

Proving again we're on the same wavelength, Andrew surprised me last night with a carefully coordinated selection of fabric swatches. After a quickie, we went to dinner.

—Gemma K., Atlanta, GA

We want to hear all about your adventures with busty babes. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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➤ SWINGING & SWAPPING

TWINING

My wife Dana has a twin named Sophie. They're identical, with dark hair and equally great asses, but for the most part, I've been able to suppress any fantasies about fucking the wrong twin. Sometimes, though, a sneaky little fantasy takes over my brain, and I imagine taking Sophie to bed rather than my wife. I guess it's the traditional twin fantasy—a way to be monogamous and also cheat. Or maybe it feels extra filthy because of how close twins are.

Dana and Sophie do everything together. They go to plays together, read the same books, take the same cooking lessons. Sophie even married a man who looks a bit like me. Gil and I are friends, and we spend a lot of time together because of how often Sophie and Dana hang out.

The other night, we met up at Sophie and Gil's place for a wine night. These always start with us hanging out in the kitchen, chatting about our lives, and then we usually end up either watching a movie or playing a game.

We've long since lost our filters around each other, and we've had plenty of open and honest conversations about sex, life, and love. Gil and Sophie struggle with communication, while Dana and I struggle to make time for our relationship in our busy lives. Add to that Dana's worry about needing to have children soon, Sophie's uncertainty about children in general, and Gil's work anxiety, and more often than not, our wine nights turn into mini therapy sessions.

On the night in question, though, Gil and Sophie looked happier than I remembered seeing them in recent memory. They were snuggling and beaming at each other like newlyweds.

"What's up with you?" Dana asked, diving right into it with her usual bluntness. "You look giddy."

"Well," Sophie said, blushing as she looked at Gil, "we've been working on our intimacy issues with our therapist."

"Wonderful!" my wife said, clapping her hands. "Did you finally have an honest talk about your fantasies?"

"We did." Gil kissed Sophie's forehead. "And it turns out we both wanted the same thing but were afraid to ask."

"And what's that?" I asked, curious what sort of sexual experience could make the two of them look that blissful.

"We want to sleep with other people sometimes," Sophie said.

I nearly spat my wine out, but Dana looked totally unsurprised. "I figured it was something like that," she said. "It's normal to want to spice things up a bit."

This worried me a little, because if Sophie felt something, Dana probably felt it, too. "Do you want to spice things up?" I asked my wife, wondering if this entire time she'd been fantasizing about sleeping with other people.

She shrugged. "Sometimes, yeah. Like I said, it's normal."

Sophie reached across the table and covered my hand with hers. "It isn't something to feel threatened by," she said. "Sometimes it's just a way of bringing a couple closer together. You can each experience the excitement of a new sexual partner, then come back to each other afterward."

I considered the suggestion. My initial gut response had been upset jealousy, but was that even right? I loved Dana and she loved me. But we both had individual sexual fantasies we hadn't acted on. Was acting on those any worse than thinking them if both members of the relationship were okay with what was happening?

And once I considered that, I couldn't help the dirty train of thought that followed. As if a floodgate had been





opened, illicit fantasies tumbled through my mind. Fantasies of fucking Sophie, rather than my wife. Of seeing if she made the same sounds and if she felt the same inside.

I got a boner and shifted in my seat, trying not to think about it anymore. Dana, though, had a boner-sense like a shark sensing blood in the water, and her attention went immediately to my lap. “Whoa,” she said. “Who are you thinking about fucking right now?”

There was no way I could say it. Some things were just wrong. But before I could come up with a diversion, Dana dove into the breach. “I’ll tell you what I’m thinking about,” she said. “I was just wondering if having sex with Gil would be fun.”

My jaw dropped. Gil’s eyes widened. But Sophie just laughed. “Oh my God, I was wondering the same thing!” she exclaimed. “About your husband, though, obviously. Isn’t that funny? It must be a twin thing.”

At this point, Gil and I made half-panicked eye contact. Were the twins seriously contemplating trading us like baseball cards? Should we feel bad about that? Excited? It felt like a trap, but neither of us had brought it up.

“WERE THE TWINS SERIOUSLY CONTEMPLATING TRADING US LIKE BASEBALL CARDS?”

“We already swapped partners with a couple we know from Gil’s work,” Sophie said. “It was surprisingly freeing. No one’s feelings got hurt, and we all had fun.”

Dana reached over and started rubbing my cock through my slacks. “I like the idea,” she said as she worked me into a near-unbearable state. “And honestly, we’re all so close anyway. I bet it would be great.”

“Holy shit,” Gil said. “Are you guys seriously suggesting...” He trailed off when Sophie leaned in to whisper in his ear. Then his eyes shot to Dana, and I knew exactly what she’d suggested. “I mean, I’m interested if you are.”

Dana squeezed my cock through my pants, and my hips jerked up. I couldn’t stop staring at Sophie’s cleavage. She was wearing a little crucifix necklace,

and for some reason I imagined coming all over it.

“Let’s do it,” Dana announced, standing up. “Gil and I will take the downstairs. You guys go upstairs.”

Before I could process what was happening, Sophie had grabbed my hand and was dragging me out of the kitchen. I followed her up the stairs with my heart hammering. It looked and felt exactly like following my wife upstairs for sex, but this was my wife’s sister. Their hair was the same length, their body types the same, but they were completely different people.

And wait, was I mad that Gil and Dana were fucking? Or was I just excited about the opportunity to fuck Sophie?

Maybe it made me a bad husband, but right now, all I wanted to do was have sex with my wife’s twin.

We reached the bedroom, and Sophie immediately turned and wrapped her arms around my neck. She kissed me hard, grinding against my erection. I held her, urging her hips into a rolling rhythm with my hands on her ass. Her perfume smelled different, like vanilla rather than orange, but otherwise, it was shockingly similar to kissing my wife in a darkened

LETTERS

↘ SWINGING & SWAPPING



bedroom.

We tumbled into bed. Sophie wasn't as dominant as Dana, and while Dana would have already been tearing at my clothes, Sophie rocked her hips and whimpered. "Please," she said. "I've been fantasizing about this for so long. Please touch me."

I tore off her clothes, revealing a plain pink bra and lavender underpants that Dana would never wear. They were almost virginal, with little embroidered flowers on them. And here, with Sophie nearly naked, it suddenly didn't feel like fucking my wife at all.

She tugged at my shirt. I stripped it off, but I shoved her back to the mattress when she went for my belt. "No," I told her. "I need to taste your pussy first."

Dana would have laughed at being told "no," but Sophie loved it. She wriggled out of her underwear and unclasped her bra, then spread her legs wide for me. "Please let me suck you," she whimpered when I started rubbing a finger over her drenched pussy.

Her repeated use of "please" got

"I ROCKED MY HIPS, STROKING CHRIS'S DICK THROUGH THE LAYERS OF OUR CLOTHES."

me. I stripped, then climbed on top of her and turned so we could do 69. I ate her out, enjoying the little shivers that went through her as I licked up her pussy juice. Then she opened her mouth around my dick and started sucking.

This was the ultimate twin fantasy—one in which there was no misunderstanding, just her mouth on me and mine on her. Tomorrow we'd have to talk through our feelings, especially since our spouses were doing the same thing, but for now, I was happy to be between her thighs.

"I need you in me," Sophie murmured against my dick. Again, she was much sweeter than Dana, whose bedroom demands were aggressive. I loved both styles—the woman who commanded and the woman who entreated—but it was nice to feel dominant.

I grabbed a condom from the nightstand—they even used the same brand, weird as that was—and rolled it on. Then I lifted one of Sophie's legs onto my shoulder, spreading that vulnerable pussy open so she could take me deep. I thrust into her, and she gasped and arched her back. She was flexible, and I was able to bend her leg far over. I started pumping, delighted at how easy it was. She was sopping-wet, and I slid in and out of her cunt with ease.

She seemed to like me going extremely deep—another difference between her and Dana—so I lifted her other leg to my shoulder, too. I bent her in half as I fucked that pretty little pussy, and she moaned and gripped the pillow. "Harder, please," she gasped.

I obliged, slamming into her with far more force than I would have used with my wife. It was liberating in a way—a chance to seize the little pieces of the sexual experience that I usually wasn't able to have. I could be dominant and fuck this woman deep, and she would love every second.

She reached down to rub her clit. Within a minute of that focused attention, combined with my thrusting, she orgasmed.

I could have come in her, but I didn't want to. This moment felt monumental—I wanted to mark it. So I pushed her to her knees on the floor, tugged the condom off, and jacked off while she looked up at me eagerly. Her small hand joined mine, circling the base of my dick, and that was enough to set me off. I came, shooting hot spurts onto her chest. It dripped down her breasts and adorned the little silver crucifix around her neck.

I'd finally fucked my wife's twin. And the best part was, this didn't have to be the only time. The twins shared everything—including, apparently, their men.

—Paul G., Bakersfield, CA

TRADING PLACES

My husband and I have enjoyed swinging from the early days of us dating. After cracking a couple of jokes to ease the tension, we fell into our regular rhythm of conversation. Will and Julie are regulars in our home. We've always had fun together; why should this night be any different?

Plus, I've always had a bit of a crush on Chris. I could also tell by the way Will looked at Julie that he was interested in his best friend's girl. The only logical solution was to go with the flow and see where the evening took us, right?

When a waiter passed with a tray of champagne, Chris reached out and grabbed four flutes. After doling out the glasses and leading us in a toast, his free hand found its way onto the small of my back.

Chris carried on talking to his wife and my husband while he stroked his thumb over the shallow dip in my spine.

The lights dimmed in the room and couples started breaking off. Will and Chris led our group to a corner of the living room. We walked down a set of stairs into a sunken seating area lined with cushioned benches.

My husband tucked himself in the corner with Julie while Chris gave my hand a tug to get me to join him on the floor. Not that I could see the floor. The entire space was strewn with pillows, creating a comfortable nest for those who wished to hide.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that Will had slipped onto the floor as well. He knelt between Julie's legs and lifted the skirt of her dress over his head. After that, all I could see of Will was his back.

That was fine by me. Chris was more than enough to occupy my attention. He turned me to face him, gently cradling my chin in his hand as he placed a kiss on my lips.

What started as a slow, chaste

meeting of lips quickly devolved into a raw, passionate make-out session. Chris's hand skimmed down my back and swooped beneath my ass, cupping the cheeks as he pulled me onto his lap.

Following Chris's lead, I parted my legs and straddled his thighs. His growing bulge brushed against my pussy as I settled on top of him.

I rocked my hips, stroking Chris's dick through the layers of our clothes. My underwear began to slip and slide along my pussy in the process.

While Chris's tongue plundered my mouth, his hands worked to map every dip and curve of my body. He slipped one hand between us to stroke at my crotch. Though the fabric that stretched over my mound dulled my senses, it still felt as if a shower of sparks fell over my skin every time Chris touched me.

I eased myself out of his tight embrace, then I crawled my ass backward until my head hovered above his lap.

Chris immediately understood my intention. He unhinged the metal clasp on his slacks and pulled the zipper all the way down.

I untied and tugged off his shoes and

tossed them to the side, then I took hold of the hem of his pants and whipped them off with one hard tug.

Now there was nothing left standing between us. I reached out and brushed the tips along the underside of his dick, allowing the thick vein that lies beneath to guide me.

Chris sucked in a breath through his teeth when I reached the tip. A clear bead of pre-come had already collected on his crown. I laid the pad of my thumb over the droplet and gave it a swirl, spreading the moisture all over the soft, flared head of Chris's dick.

After I got his crown to glisten, I sucked my thumb into my mouth and licked it clean. He'd left my skin salty and slick. It made me wonder what it would taste like if I sampled the liquid straight from his crown.

I fisted my fingers around the base of Chris's dick and held him steady. Then I lowered my lips, parting them just enough to take his tip into my mouth. Using the flat of my tongue to cover more ground, I swirled around and around his crown, allowing his salty flavor to fill my mouth.



LETTERS

➤ SWINGING & SWAPPING

"Oh, God," I heard Chris groan.

His hands landed on top of my head. Whenever Chris liked the way my mouth moved over his dick, his fingers would flex against my scalp, getting him all tangled up in my hair.

I released the tip of Chris's dick from my mouth with a pop, then I used the tip of my tongue to trace along the rim that marks where his crown meets his shaft.

Then my mouth found its way to that same vein I'd fondled earlier. I dragged my lips along the sensitive ridge, reveling in the sound of Chris's pleasure-drunk grunts. The sounds he made changed according to whether I used my lips, teeth, or tongue to move along his skin.

Suddenly, Chris lifted my head from his lap. He grabbed my waist and pushed me back into the pillows. His biceps flexed from the effort it took to hover over my body while balancing on an uneven terrain paved with pillows, but Chris remained steady above me.

He lowered his mouth to mine and laid another searing kiss on my lips. "It's my turn," he growled.

It only took one of Chris's large hands to clutch both of my wrists firmly together. He kept them resting firmly on my belly as he slid down my body and nestled himself in between my legs.

Now Chris was privy to the fact that I wore no underwear. A crooked smile lifted one side of his mouth. Then he licked his lips and dropped his head between my legs.

Chris flicked his tongue against my clit, marking the start of a serious tongue-lashing. He tapped the tip of his tongue against me in short, fast bursts that left me curling my fingers into the pillows beneath me.

"Oh, God!" I cried.

The sound of my scream bounced back to me, repeating my words a split second after I uttered them. For a moment I thought it was my own voice echoing through the little sunken chamber.

Then I remembered that my husband was fucking Chris's wife just a few feet away. That little reminder stoked my desire.

I tilted my hips, offering myself up to Chris completely. He scooped my ass

cheeks up into his palms, lifting me to meet his lips.

The tip of Chris's tongue traveled down from my clit and along my slit until it touched my asshole, then he made the journey back to the top of my mound. He closed his lips around the swollen little bud and sucked me into his mouth.

I groaned as my pussy pulsed through my orgasm, which was the kind that leaves me panting.

My thighs were still trembling from the aftershocks of my first orgasm when Chris moved his mouth down into my slit. The tip of his tongue sought out my hole and eased itself inside.

Chris sealed his lips around my hole and sucked, driving his tongue even deeper into my pussy. His tongue stretched my walls, somehow managing to make me feel empty and full all at once.

I groaned and rocked my hips, shamelessly grinding my mound right against Chris's face. The sounds of our spouses' orgasms echoed around us, intensifying my own need to come apart again.

"Please fuck me!" I heard myself scream.

Chris immediately eased his tongue from my depths. "I thought you'd never ask," he said.

He lowered my ass onto his lap, positioning his dick so that the tip tapped against my hole.

Taking hold of my ankles, Chris wrapped my legs around his back. When I tensed my muscles to keep my legs locked around his waist, I wound up skewering myself with Chris's dick.

This time my screams were loud enough to drown out all the other sounds around us. The slow, steady rhythm that Chris set felt good, but my body needed more.

I let my legs drop to Chris's side, then I planted my feet on the floor and prepared to take control. Now I was the one who set the pace for our fuck session. I rocked my body against Chris





“HE SCOOPED MY ASS CHEEKS UP INTO HIS PALMS, LIFTING ME TO MEET HIS LIPS.”

hard and fast, angling my hips so that every thrust made the tip of Chris's dick rub right against my G-spot.

A few minutes of that had my eyes rolling into the back of my head. Unlike my last orgasm that came in short, breathtaking bursts, this one rolled over me in long, pulsing waves that made the walls of my pussy ripple over Chris's dick.

Chris grinded out a curse from between his teeth as hot liquid gushed from between my legs, taking all of the tension from my body with it.

Once my pussy relaxed around Chris's dick, he was free to move inside me again. After a few quick strokes, Chris succumbed to his own pleasure. His fingers flexed against my hips as he pumped his come inside me.

Spent, Chris pulled himself from my depths and laid beside me. Julie and Will joined us a little while later. We all laid together chatting and cuddling. Then Julie and I got a little frisky again, initiating another swap that neither guy had seen coming.

– Anonymous, via email

A DICEY AFFAIR

Hannah and I had gotten married six months ago, and for the first time I was wondering if we'd done it too soon.

I totally loved Hannah, but we were both in our mid-twenties. I'd been with women prior to her, and she'd had sex

with other guys before we met. But now, half a year into our marriage, I was realizing I would never get to fuck another woman. Ever.

I kept checking out other women on the street. I imagined what it would be like to taste some strange pussy, to have my cock sucked by a girl I didn't yet know.

Some part of me wondered if Hannah was feeling the same way. Sometimes I thought I saw her gaze straying, or we'd be watching a movie and she'd quietly sigh when a hot guy took his shirt off.

Being married wasn't the only new thing in our lives. We'd moved to a new city, gotten new jobs, and had a fresh set of friends. Our new circle tended to gather at a funky bar/coffeehouse.

I had gotten tight with a guy named Navid. Like me, he was young and married.

One night I sat with Navid over dark beers. He was idly rolling dice on the bar top. I bitched about work.

Suddenly I saw he wasn't listening. He was looking past me. I turned to see a statuesque woman with flowing hair and fine features. She was waiting for a to-go coffee at the counter. Her jeans were tight, showing off her taut ass. Her top stretched across her generous tits.

“Man, I'd like to spend two naked hours with her,” Navid said.

It jolted me. Navid's wife, Susan, was sitting two stools away, talking to a girlfriend. Wide-eyed, I nodded warningly in her direction. She was

within earshot.

Navid saw what I was doing. Laughing, he turned and said, “Susan, check her out. Wouldn't it be nice for me if I could fuck her?”

“You bet, babe,” his wife said, grinning. She was a damn good-looking woman in her own right.

I gaped at him. “What. The. Hell?” I finally said. “Are you one of those couples that's also best friends?”

“Susan and me are more than best friends. We're swingers.” He took a long swallow of beer.

I was still gawking at him. “Swingers?” I asked cautiously. “You mean like...”

“Like, we fuck other people. There's a kind of club. It's nothing official, just good friends sharing the same attitude. We're all young, married, but we're in relationships that allow for extramarital fun.”

I tried to absorb all that. But one thought came through loud and clear: What an awesome arrangement that was!

“You know,” Navid said, “you're welcome to join us. You and Hannah. We've all talked it over.”

My wife and I had been the subject of secret debate. Our new friends had evidently decided that we rated participating in their swingers' sex club. Incredible.

But before I could begin to ponder the offer, mental fail-safes kicked in. I said, “Hannah wouldn't go for it.”

“You think?” Navid grinned. “Susan had lunch with her earlier today and pitched the idea. Hannah wants to do it...but only if you do, too.”

LETTERS

➤ SWINGING & SWAPPING



I sat there blinking. My whole life might change tonight. Hannah was due to meet us here soon.

"How do you decide who fucks who?" I asked, my throat tight.

Navid dropped one of the dice on the bar top. "We roll. The number matches a person. With you, we'd have six couples. It would be perfect."

Perfect, I thought dizzily.

When Hannah showed up, Navid left us to talk privately. My wife's face was aglow. Her eyes gleamed with excitement. "Well?" she asked.

I kissed her on the mouth. I grinned fiercely. "Let's do it!" She squealed with joy.

Navid and the rest of the group came over to where we were sitting. He handed me the die and said, "The honor's yours." The others were smiling. There was a weird but comforting sense of camaraderie.

I rolled a four. I looked up, having no idea what that meant. Susan gave a little cheer, came over to me, and planted a kiss on my lips. I hastily

"SHE HELPFULLY SPREAD HER LEGS, AND I MOVED DOWN BETWEEN HER SMOOTH THIGHS."

checked with Hannah. She'd already slipped her arm in Navid's. That was how it worked. I'd get his wife, he'd get mine.

We all toasted one another, then went our separate ways. Hannah was taking Navid back to our place. I was going home with Susan.

Excitement tore all through me. Susan was hot, but the idea of having any woman other than my wife was desperately exciting. We reached the apartment. Susan led me straight into the bedroom, her eyes glittering.

She pulled me into her arms, and her mouth was back on mine. Her lips were soft, her body firm. My cock sprang into full hardness, but I found myself hesitating.

Susan sensed it and stepped back. "We don't have to do this, you know."

"Hannah..." I started to say.

"Hannah loves you."

Somehow that made it all okay.

I threw myself back into the kiss.

Susan's lips parted and our tongues met. I drew her tightly against me. She pressed her crotch on my hard-on. We started pulling away each other's clothes.

When we were both naked, I ogled her gorgeous body. She had nice tits, a flat belly, and curvy hips. I had never thought I'd be in a room with another nude woman in my life. Now here I was.

We dove together onto the bed. We lay side by side. I groped her lush tits, and she took my cock in her hand, pumping me, sending hot thrills through my body.

It was all new. It was all different, yet familiar. Sex with Hannah was incredible, but the little variations with Susan captivated me. I moved down to suck on her tits, nibbling her stiff nipples, and she moaned with pleasure. I kissed my way further down.

She helpfully spread her legs, and I moved down between her smooth thighs. My face hovered over her shaven pussy. I feasted on the sight, the waiting slickness of her. I breathed her scent in and felt tingling goose flesh rise on me. My cock throbbed.

I put my mouth on her cunt. The flavor soon coated my busy tongue. I savored her tang. I delved deep into her silky interior, zeroing in on her clit's swollen bud. She responded by bucking her hips, jamming her pussy hard against my face.

Her wetness smeared on me. I licked and lapped, making sloppy slurping sounds. Suddenly her ass lifted off the bed. She let out a yowl as her whole body quivered like a bowstring. Her juices poured into my mouth, and I drank everything she gave me.

When I came up for air, Susan urged



me over onto my back and scrambled between my legs, obviously meaning to return the oral favor. I raised my head to watch in wonder as she took hold of my cock and ran her tongue in a circle over my straining cockhead.

An intense shiver of pleasure touched me. Her tongue caught my drizzle of pre-come, then she locked her lips over me and started sucking her way downward. It was amazing to see my cock disappear into her eager mouth.

Her tongue wriggled up and down my shaft. She applied some suction, sinking her cheeks in around me. Her hand moved to my balls, squeezing delicately, awakening even more erotic thrills.

The head went up and down. I watched, mesmerized. Susan was plainly enjoying herself. I still had her taste on my tongue. She sucked me for five straight minutes, then her head came up.

"I need you inside me," she said. With that she climbed up onto me, took hold of my cock, and slotted it up inside herself. Again, I saw myself vanish into her.

I let out a growl as I seized her hips. As she rode me, I met her downstrokes with perfectly timed upward thrusts. We were amazingly in sync for first-time

lovers. Distantly, I wondered if it was going as well for Hannah and Navid. I hoped so. I only wanted them to have fun, too.

My head spun in wonderment. Somehow tonight I had become a swinger. It had never before occurred to me that this might be the lifestyle for both my wife and me.

Susan's tits jounced. She slammed down on me, our speed picking up. I bucked my hips, letting her impale herself all the way on my hard rod. She whipped her head from side to side.

I felt her clench me, then another raw yowl escaped her lips. I watched the orgasmic delight play out across her lovely features. After coming, she started to tip limply to one side.

I caught her and eased her over onto her back, staying inside her the whole time. Poised above her now, I took a second or two to relish the sight of her. I had been regretting the fact that I would never fuck another woman. That quandary had been solved tonight. I could have my marriage and also have this.

Grinning, I stroked into her. She rocked back, giving me complete access, taking me as deeply as possible. I liked her slick grip, liked her scent and taste.

Susan writhed beneath me. Her tits heaved, and her face twisted with pleasure. She met my thrusts. Again, the two of us were in perfect rhythm.

I pounded her now. Our bodies smacked loudly together. Pleasure buzzed hard in me. I felt my balls tightening, getting ready to unload.

Susan's movements suddenly went wild. She thrashed on the bed, the motions tipping me over the edge. Ecstasy took me. The first spew of my come seemed to tear through my entire body. The pleasure was insane. I let out a hoarse cry as jet after jet followed, each its own climactic event.

Finally, I pulled out and laid down alongside Susan. Alongside Navid's wife. She smiled and nuzzled me. None of it felt awkward. Everything was friendly warmth.

I was grateful to her. I was grateful to Hannah.

I was grateful, too, for my throw of the dice.

—Luke E., via email

Sharing is caring. Tell us all about your swinging lifestyle. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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TOP 10

SHAY LAREN



TOP 10 HOOK-UP APPS

10. Wild - A one-stop-shop for casual and breezy dating.
9. EliteSingles – Meet ambitious, like-minded singles who don't have time to date like the rest of us.
8. Zoosk – A great place for fun, flirtatious flings.
7. iHookup- Casual dating based solely on physical attraction and sex appeal.
6. HER - The perfect app for lesbian hook-ups.
5. Clover – This app encourages you to be friends with your friends with benefits.
4. Bumble – A dating app where the girls approach the guys, very retro!
3. PURE – This app is basically Snapchat for sex!
2. Tinder – Go on a date in under 10 minutes. Easy.
1. Lucky – A top-rated app for casual encounters and hook-ups with no strings attached.





Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...

A woman with long dark hair and light-colored eyes is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a black lace halter-neck bra and matching black lace underwear. The background is dark and out of focus, with some indistinct shapes that could be furniture or decor.

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CONTENTS

- 114 || EDITOR'S NOTE
- 116 || FETISH LETTERS
- 122 || PICTORIAL:
SUNNY LEONE
- 128 || ORGY NIGHT
Demonic Debauchery
Who says you can't have an
orgy at a cemetery?
By Peter Yards
- 132 || SEX TOYS
A domme gets a new personal
assistant in the form of her ex's
sex-starved wife.
By Mary Price
- 138 || WIDE WORLD OF
VARIATIONS



VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

THINGS get really wild in this special summer edition of *Penthouse Variations*. We have been bombarded with stories of public sex, whether it is blow jobs by the campfire, foot fetishes executed on the beach, or a full-blown midnight orgy in a cemetery, so we had to include them all. With the warm weather in full swing, no wonder readers are getting amped up to experiment with exhibitionism and outdoor fantasies. (We fully support it, of course.) Hopefully these titillating tales will inspire you and your significant other to get nasty in the great outdoors this summer. Happy Trails!

We are always open to hearing your kinky stories and wild adventures. Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!



Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...



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VARIATIONS

▾ FETISH LETTERS

PINK LADY

I've learned that telling a woman you like her feet is always a gamble. It's just not the same as saying, "I like it when you are on top," or, "Please swallow my come." Even though many people will freely admit feet can be beautiful, it seems to be another proposition entirely when you confess to liking "foot stuff" in bed.

It's frustrating, the way women I've dated have been less than thrilled to hear this, or how they recoil when I ask if I can worship their pretty toes—or feel those toes tickling my cock. To each their own, but I personally cannot see what's so "wrong" or "deviant" about wanting to experience pleasure from head to toe—literally.

A while back, I read a story about a guy similar to me who runs a shoe store—and that got me thinking maybe I needed to change up my usual dating scene. I could never hold it together enough to work around feet in a shoe

store all day, but I decided I should try a gig where feet are just a given and thus maybe less of a big deal. A gig where feet are often bare. A gig where your feet can be happy, sinking into sand (unless the sand is too hot!) The foot factor, plus the hours and the excuse to be at the beach all day is what ultimately made me complete lifeguard training.

It's also true that male lifeguards generally have no shortage of beach admirers, and the physical demands of the job make your body nice and ripped by default. I'm six-two, in my late twenties with a thick head of hair and hazel eyes—definitely not bad looking. Still, I'm not one to be too cocky. I'm always flattered when a woman compliments me or flirts. I should also mention I'm a Florida-raised beach bum through and through. On scholarship, I went to school up north for a few semesters, but soon decided I couldn't live without the sun and transferred back down south.

During the high season around here,

"I PLACED MY HANDS AROUND HER LEFT FOOT AND BEGAN MASSAGING WITH THE COCOA BUTTER."

there's just no end to the parade of gorgeous babes frolicking around in teeny bikinis. That said, it was a clear day with no rip tides and a minimal weekday crowd when I spotted this gorgeous babe strolling down the sand.

Jessica was a classic, curvy blonde wearing a powder-pink string bikini and cute white retro-style sunglasses. I watched as she laid out her towel and pulled out a book to read. With my binoculars, I checked the glassy blue water—all was calm, with only a couple people in the shallows and one older guy exercise-swimming.

I swept my magnified gaze over the beach next, and then held steady on the new blonde sunbather. There was no annoying chick-lit novel in her hands. She was reading one of my favorite true-crime books. Also, her polished toes matched the pink in her swimsuit. The book and the toes made a double whammy for me!

I gazed out at the ocean again and then checked my watch. I only had another fifteen minutes to go on my shift before my replacement was due, so I was hoping I might get a chance to meet her—and then maybe I could take a chance.

As the final minutes drifted by, I couldn't resist taking a couple more magnified peeks at the woman through my binoculars. The nail polish paired perfectly not only with her bikini, but with her skin tone as well. I caught myself wondering about the pink in her nipples and her pussy lips. It took all my resolve to keep my fascinated gaze in



check—I didn't want to come across like a creeper, after all.

When it came time for me to climb down the ladder, I grabbed two cans of sparkling water from the cooler, put them in my daypack, and headed toward my perfectly pink lady. To my delight, I saw that she was gazing in my direction, possibly checking me out. She smiled as I got closer. Here went nothing!

"Hi," I said. "Just got done with my shift. I've got a couple sparkling waters in here"—I tapped my pack—"and wondered if I could interest you in one. Fresh out of the cooler. Care to join me.

The woman smiled. "I saw you in the chair. And yes, something cold sounds nice."

"Tristan," I said, offering my hand.

"Jessica," she revealed, and smiled again. I sat on the sand next to her, popped open a chilled can, and passed it to her. As I opened my own sparkling water, this gorgeous woman, roughly my age, asked, "Are you a lifeguard full-time?"

"Yes and no. I'm also wrapping up school."

"Oh?"

"I've been taking pre-med courses. What about you?"

"Psychology."

"I might have guessed by your reading material." I gestured to the true-crime book. "That's a good one," I said. "The book he wrote right before that one is great, too."

"I'll have to check it out," Jessica said. Then she added, "I've always like true crime. I'm fascinated by what makes people tick—and not only bad guys. Good guys, too!"

"Really? I would think what makes us tick is pretty boring. Or maybe just obvious, I guess." I adjusted my sunglasses. Without missing a beat, Jessica teased, "So you're saying you're a good guy, huh?" She saved me from having to comment by continuing, "I see your point, Tristan, but even if good guys have a lot of motives in common,

everyone's different—different tastes, outlooks, dreams."

"Fair enough," I said, nodding.

"Speaking of motives, and forgive me for this segue, but I was wondering—do you have a boyfriend?"

Jessica chuckled and shook her head. "Nope. Not anymore."

I couldn't hide my smile. "In that case, would you be up for hanging out sometime, Jessica—off the sand?" The beauty beside me on the sand gave a little smirk, and I deserved it. "How many women do you ask out with that line?" she said.

Crap, busted. "Um, actually, I don't really—"

"I'm just teasing!" She gave my leg a gentle nudge with her perfect foot.

I felt my heart flutter. "Wow," I couldn't stop from saying.

"What?" Jessica asked. Now she looked concerned. "Really, I was just kidding."

I grinned. "No, not that. You have really nice feet. I like the polish, too."

Giggling, Jessica thanked me for the compliment. Then, to my delight and torment, she footsied my leg again, wiggling her toes. "I used to do dance," she added.

"Really? What kind?"

"All kinds. It really makes you appreciate your feet, and taking care of them."

"I believe it." My heart was pounding.

Had I stumbled across a rare jewel? A fellow foot lover in shapely female form? "Do you get pedicures a lot?" I asked.

"Weekly. And I put lotion on my feet, too."

"Nice." After a pause, I decided to go for it. "Did you put on any lotion today?"

"Not yet," she said. A moment later Jessica leaned in closer to me. "I'll tell you what, though. I'd really love a foot rub tonight. Maybe after some dinner?"

I wanted to jump to my feet and scream, "YES!" But with a concerted effort, I managed to maintain my composure. "That sounds like fun," I said casually, taking a sip of water. "Yeah, I'd definitely be up for that."

"Great," she said. "I'll give you my number." I pulled out my phone, and moments later I had the digits (pun intended!) of this sexy woman with the perfect feet.

To make a long story short? Our dinner went really well. Afterward, we drove over to a seafront nature preserve at sunset—a beautiful place, with some privacy.

"That was a fun dinner," Jessica said, and touched my arm.

"I haven't had that many laughs for a while," I said. The sinking sun had turned a few rippled clouds pink—you couldn't ask for a better effect. I pulled Jessica in for a kiss. And that quickly led to more kissing, as we stood on a grassy strip beside a park bench in the most remote stretch of



VARIATIONS

▾ FETISH LETTERS



the preserve. No one else was in sight. In the velvety twilight, Jessica hugged me close, then said, “Foot rub time?”

“I’d be delighted to give those feet some appreciation,” I responded.

Jessica grinned. “My feet thank you in advance.” She opened her purse and pulled out a small bottle of cocoa butter lotion. “They had a long day at the beach.”

Accepting the lotion, I said, “I will give them the attention they deserve.”

We sat down on the isolated park bench. I watched dreamily as she pulled off her espadrilles and put both of her bare feet in my lap. The bulge in my shorts was already conspicuous—and that was before I even touched her feet, or happened to notice the perfect upskirt view of her pink thong.

I squirted some lotion onto a palm and warmed it between my hands. Then I said, “Ready, Madame?” Jessica, looking dreamy-eyed herself, said, “I am.”

I placed my hands around her left foot and began massaging with the cocoa butter. Sighing sweetly, Jessica leaned back against the bench. “God, that feels so good....”

As I worked, I savored every curve and bone in her foot, and singled out her toes,

one by one, for mini-massages. Blissing out, Jessica closed her eyes. A short time later, I saw her right hand slide beneath her skirt and slip beneath her thong.

I planted a kiss on the ball of her left foot and nuzzled her toes. Her hand was still up her skirt, her eyes closed. A few moments later, I said, “How’s this feel?”

“Wonderful,” she said. Then she held my gaze with a sly, sexual look. “I’m enjoying myself—fully.” I grinned and said, “I can see that. And why not?”

“Don’t forget my other foot,” Jessica said, and closed her eyes again, two of her fingers still moving inside her pussy. “Oh, never,” I responded, and began to give her right foot the same adoration, using more lotion. I wasn’t sure what was driving me crazier—getting to worship her sexy feet, or watching her pleasure herself to my work. Needless to say, I felt like my dick was going to tear a hole through my shorts.

I could hear her fingers slipping in and out of her wetness in time to the strokes I gave her foot. “Mmmm,” I sighed, blissed out myself. I kissed all around her ankle, then pushed her toes into my mouth. As I did this, her left foot began caressing the bulge in my shorts.

“Maybe it’s time you had a little release,” she purred.

I unzipped my shorts and my raging hard-on appeared. Jessica wasted no time, moving her right foot to my cock and cradling it between her soft, moistened feet. “How’s that feel?” she whispered. “Amazing,” I said, her arches stroking my shaft.

I was as turned on as I’d ever been—this gorgeous blonde pushing every one of my pleasure buttons. “Keep touching yourself while you touch me, baby,” I said.

Jessica opened her legs wide, letting me see her fingering her sweet snatch while her feet worked wonders on my dick. A woman who gives a good foot job is not easy to find—by approaching her at the beach I’d found a precious gem in the sand. She took me to almost the brink before we both agreed that we wanted more.

By now it was the edge of night. Jessica lay down on her back and put her legs up, with her feet on either side of my face. I thrust my dick inside her and began to pump. Her pussy felt incredible. I kissed and sucked her toes as we fucked.

Jessica came first, digging her nails into my forearms.

“Oh my god, Tristan—yes!” she cried. And in that moment, her pleasure was my pleasure. I moved her feet even closer to my face, bringing her legs together. This made her pussy squeeze my cock even tighter, which sent me over the edge. I’d never experienced an orgasm this intense, and for a moment was lost to the world.

Catching her breath, Jessica looked up at me, smiling wickedly. “Next time you’ll have to finish on my feet,” she said. I grinned like an idiot. “Deal!” I replied.

Jessica’s in my life now. It’s great being with someone who enjoys my love of feet. Sometimes she even lets me pick out her toe polish!

—Tristan F., via email



IN THE WIND

Being in the outdoors has always made me feel a little wild. My husband has never understood why it brings out the freak in me, but he's learned to stop questioning it and just takes me to our cabin regularly. Sitting by the campfire, sipping a cold beer is essentially foreplay for me. The darkness of the woods, the sounds of nature around us, and the crisp feel of fresh air make me want to let go of all my inhibitions and become a total animal.

The last time we went out to our cabin for the weekend, we were sitting by the fire, beginning to feel the first chill of night when my husband turned to me and said, "Take your clothes off. I want to see my woman naked in the firelight."

There wasn't always a kinky element to this for us, but I got a special thrill when he ordered me around and treated me like his bitch. I reached down to

"I GOT A SPECIAL THRILL WHEN HE ORDERED ME AROUND AND TREATED ME LIKE HIS BITCH."

unlace my boots, quickly stripping the rest of my clothes off until I was standing there completely naked. My nipples hardened when the cool evening breeze brushed over me, but the warmth of the fire glowed against my skin. The look in my husband's eyes as he looked me up and down warmed me from the inside. I knew his dick was already hard.

"Touch yourself," he ordered, taking a deep swig of his beer.

I slid my hand across my hard nipples, stroking and pinching them gently, making them even harder. Then I worked my way down to my pussy, parting my lips slightly to wet my fingertips before circling back up to rub lazy circles

around my clit.

He let me keep going for long moments, not saying anything, but watching me intently with firelight reflecting in his eyes. When I thought I was going to come, I tilted my head up, marveling at the stars glowing overhead, the only other witnesses to my hedonism. Just as I was about to orgasm, he told me to stop.

I moaned and stomped my bare foot, but did as I was told.

He set his beer down, got up from the chair, and slowly walked over to me, circling around me like I was his prey. I shivered with anticipation when he stood behind me and pressed his lips to the curve of my neck, lightly nipping with his teeth as he kissed me there. He circled back around, fisting his hand in my hair and forcing me down to my knees. It should have been degrading, kneeling naked in the dirt before a fully clothed man, but I was too turned on to care. I dropped a hand back down to my

VARIATIONS

▽ FETISH LETTERS



“HE CIRCLED BACK AROUND, FISTING HIS HAND IN MY HAIR AND FORCING ME DOWN TO MY KNEES.”

the dirt or that I was outside completely naked. I just wanted more of whatever he wanted to give me.

He didn't even slow down, continuing to fuck me faster and harder, grabbing my hair when I started to slide forward against his thrusts. He held me there on all fours, taking his pleasure like a rutting animal.

He finally released his hold on my hair, letting me fall to the ground in a filthy, satisfied mess. He helped me up from the ground, leading me straight into the bathroom to get cleaned up. To my surprise, he bent me over the tub and said, “I'm not finished with you yet. I'm going to fuck that ass before getting you clean, dirty girl!”

I moaned with delight as he drizzled lube onto the bud of my asshole and slowly worked his fingers and then his dick into my naughtiest hole.

When we were finished, he took his time rinsing me clean. He made me feel like a filthy, degraded slut...and I couldn't wait to do it again.

– Jeanie M., Portland, OR

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

pussy and kept touching myself as he pulled his hard cock out of his pants.

He didn't give me any time to work it into my mouth, using my hair to thrust deep into my throat with just a few strokes. Clearly he was feeling a little wild tonight too. I gagged and choked as he fucked my face, but kept furiously rubbing my clit, not even a little embarrassed at the drool running down my chin or the guttural sounds coming from my throat. I knew it would hurt the next day, but loved that he was using my mouth as a fuckhole, pounding harder and faster as he got close to coming.

I wanted to taste his come before I got to swallow it, but at the very last second, he pulled out and came all over my tits, marking me as his slut. It was filthy and so terribly sexy. I was about to pout that we were finished so quickly, but he made it clear he had more in mind. Instead of releasing his hold on my hair, he dragged me forward until I was lying on my stomach in the dirt.

“Stick your ass up. I'm not finished with you yet.”

I did as he commanded, raising my hips up as I rose up onto my knees, but kept

my chest on the ground. I was painfully aroused because I was covered in semen, knowing the dirt would be sticking to it and making me a truly dirty girl.

He got behind me, tugging my hips up higher, but letting me keep my fingers on my cunt, ready to coax out the orgasm I had been denied so far.

I squealed with surprise when he slapped my ass several times in a row, the stinging blows leaving my skin hot and red. He pulled my asscheeks apart, and I swore I could feel him looking at my pussy and asshole, deciding where he would fuck me next.

I felt his wet thumb press against my asshole just as his dick nudged against my pussy, not giving me time to adjust before thrusting deep inside me. He was once again using me as a fuckhole, and I loved it.

He pounded into me with slow, deliberate strokes, letting me get close to coming before spanking my ass again and taking me back from the orgasm. When he finally thrust his thumb into my ass, spreading me open in both holes, it felt so good that I came to a screaming climax. I didn't care that my face was in



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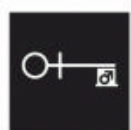


“MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME? BEING LOCKED UP
IN BED WITH A STRONG, SEXY MAN.”

—SUNNY



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DEMONIC DEBAUCHERY

Who says you can't have an orgy at a cemetery?

By Peter Yards

I'm a pretty normal college guy, but my latest hookup, Zoey, is definitely not normal. I met her in art class, and she's a total bohemian with her pink hair and thrift store clothing. Normally this would be off-putting, but she's cute and smart as hell, and she makes me laugh. Plus, she has a nose piercing, and I've never been able to resist those.

Zoey's got a major sex drive, and she makes me want to try out all kinds of adventurous things I never would have considered before. We've had sex in the library, sex while she was wearing a butt plug, anal sex, sex in the woods while she's dressed like a fucking butterfly... whatever, I'm into it.

So the other day when she suggested we go to an orgy, I didn't even hesitate. I said, "fuck, yes" and asked how many people would be there—between five and fifteen—and what I should wear—it didn't really matter, since we'd be naked soon enough. I also checked on whether or not we'd be sleeping with other people at the party, and the answer was, "Do whatever you want. I sure will." Maybe another guy would have been jealous, but I wasn't the possessive type. Besides, the idea of fucking a bunch of strangers with permission was hot. So I dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and got ready for a wild Saturday night.

Zoey drove us to the orgy. I was expecting it to be at a house or a club, so I was shocked when she pulled up outside a freaking cemetery. It was a full moon, and the headstones cast creepy shadows over the grass. Zoey was dressed like a bat, with a black dress and gauzy wings, and she giggled as she took my hand and pulled me toward the cemetery gate.

"So this might sound crazy," she said, as if that wasn't the normal state of affairs with her, "but it's technically sort of a demonic orgy."

I stopped in my tracks. "Hold the fuck up. What?"

"I know most of the people from kink clubs around town," she said.

"We meet once a month for an orgy,

**"BESIDES, THE IDEA OF
FUCKING A BUNCH
OF STRANGERS
WITH PERMISSION
WAS HOT."**

and sometimes people bring friends. It started as a joke—we were going to summon demons with sex rituals—and then it just kind of became the theme." She must have noticed my appalled look, because she clarified. "There are no actual demons. And no one really believes it; it just adds to the atmosphere." She paused. "Except Zane. He might actually believe it."

Before I could ask who Zane was, she led me into the trees, and I saw the group of people I was about to have an orgy with. They were gathered around a row of rickety headstones, chatting and laughing. A few of them were smoking cigarettes, and although most of them wore black clothing, they looked shockingly normal: two middle-aged women, a nerdy-looking girl my age, a tattooed guy with a man bun, and a dark-haired man with glasses and a blazer. Of course,

there was also a man wearing a purple velvet coat and top hat and a woman in black leather and sky-high boots.

Introductions were made. The purple velvet man was Zane, and the leather-clad woman by his side was a domme named Mistress Angelica. The man bun was an accountant named Vincent.

The two middle-aged women were Kathy and Ruth, and by the way they glared at each other, they had some serious baggage. Zoey leaned in. "They're both soccer moms," she whispered. "And they hate each other, but they also really like to fuck."

The final two were the nerdy girl and the man in the blazer, both of whom wore glasses. Priscilla was mousy-looking and spoke so quietly it was hard to hear her. She was a math major at my university. The man introduced himself as Nikolas. He was, unfortunately, a physics professor at our university. I hadn't had him for any classes yet, and I prayed I never would, since I was pretty sure I was about to see his dick.

As soon as introductions were made, clothes started to come off. The soccer moms started ripping at each other's buttons, and Priscilla stripped off her Star Wars T-shirt and launched herself at the professor, who grabbed her ass with the confidence of a man who had touched it many times before. Jesus, wasn't there an ethics board or something to stop this kind of fraternization?

But I was trying to play it cool, and that wasn't the thought of the sort of guy who got invited to demon-summoning orgies, so I ignored it and focused on Zoey. She had stripped off her dress, bra, and underwear, although she'd left on her chunky black boots. She'd also slipped her bat wings back over



her shoulders. I could work with this. I dropped to my knees and slung one of her legs over my shoulder.

Some of the others were watching, and I tried to ignore them, although I had a brief crisis of nerves. I really liked Zoey, and if I wanted to keep hanging with her, I needed to get on her level. If that meant having sex with a bunch of strangers in a cemetery at midnight, I would have to man up and do it.

I parted her pussy lips and licked through her, enjoying the salty-sweet taste. Her clit was already swollen—apparently, just showing up at an orgy made her hot. I licked all over it the way I knew she liked, then reached back and massaged her asshole. Zoey was super into anal play, and she moaned when I briefly dipped my fingertip inside.

There was a flash of purple velvet, and then Zane was standing behind her, massaging her breasts. I stiffened, but when Zoey threw her head back and moaned, I reminded myself that this was what I'd signed up for. No strings, no monogamy, and we could do whatever we wanted.

While Zane squeezed her nipples, I focused on her clit, rubbing my tongue in circles over it. She made the little stuttering noise she always made right before she came, so I rubbed her ass

again and she exploded. Her legs shook, her pussy quivered, and she groaned in satisfaction.

I backed off and stood up, wiping off my mouth. Zane supported Zoey while she quivered, and then he slid his hand between her thighs and started rubbing. I stared, mesmerized by the sight of another man pleasuring the woman with whom I was infatuated. Maybe I should have been mad, but I couldn't be. Her gauzy bat wings were pressed against his chest, her nipples were hard, and I could see the shine of her arousal on his fingers. Who wouldn't want to see porn of their favorite person happening live in front of their eyes?

Someone tapped on my shoulder. I turned around to find Priscilla, the Star Wars girl, standing there in strappy black lingerie that covered absolutely nothing. Her hair was tousled and her cheeks were pink.

"I'm performing an experiment," she said in her soft little mouse voice. "I'm working out the optimal ratio of sexual partners to orgasms. Care to make me come?"

That was the weirdest pickup line ever, but okay. I nodded, and she immediately went for my zipper. I helped her out, stripping my shirt off. In no time, I was naked, and although it was a little chilly, I didn't care so much when

she started caressing my dick. Priscilla might have sounded shy, but her hands were bold. She dropped to her knees and began sucking me off.

This didn't seem to be the direct route to making her come, but I wasn't going to stop her. I thrust gently into her mouth. She moaned and gripped my ass, tugging me deeper.

Dr. Nikolas approached us and gripped Priscilla's hair. That was a little weird, but he apparently just wanted to help out, because he started tugging her head back and forth along my dick, muttering filthy things the whole time. Priscilla started fingering herself, and her moans vibrated along my dick.

This was wild. I looked around, curious what everyone else was doing. The soccer moms were both naked and going at it, with Ruth riding Kathy's face. Man-bun Vincent was bent over a gravestone, while Mistress Angelica flogged him. Apparently the bags I'd noticed before were full of sex toys.

Someone came up behind me, and small fingers danced up my chest. It was Zoey, who had finished whatever the story was with Zane. She pinched my nipples, then raked her nails down my abdomen to play with the hair above my dick. Then she cupped my balls, holding them while Priscilla sucked me.

VARIATIONS

↘ ORGY NIGHT

"Oh, shit," I said, because this much stimulation was going to get me off sooner rather than later. I made panicked eye contact with the professor, who nodded in understanding before tugging Priscilla off my dick. He immediately put her on her hands and knees, then tugged her black underwear aside and thrustured into her without a preamble.

Zoey and I watched them fucking for a while, and then Zoey went over to them and got on her back. She scooted under Priscilla's downturned head, and Priscilla immediately dropped down and started eating Zoey out, all while the good doctor was still fucking her. Feeling the need to be useful in some way, I knelt beside them and alternately pinched Zoey's nipples and stroked Priscilla's clit. They came at almost the same time in a symphony of gasps and screams.

My dick was incredibly hard, but I wasn't willing to give in to the urge to fuck Zoey to completion yet, so I staggered away and headed for the soccer moms. I've always had a MILF thing, and they were both sexy in that put-together older-woman kind of way.

To my surprise, shock, and utter delight, Ruth was fucking Kathy hard with a strap-on. She had gripped Kathy's hair in her fist and was muttering ob-scenities.

"Hey," I said awkwardly. "Mind if I join?"

Ruth stopped thrusting and looked up at me. "Only if you fuck her ass the way the little slut deserves," she said.

"Okay," I said, too overwhelmed by possibility to manage any more co-herent words. The next thing I knew, Ruth was pushing me down on the dew-slick grass and tugging on my cock with single-minded purpose. She retrieved a condom and slid it over me, then maneuvered Kathy until she was lying on her back on top of me. My boner rubbed against her butt and I aligned myself so I could rub over her pussy. Kathy was sopping-wet from getting fucked with the strap-on, and she moaned and

undulated on my dick.

Kathy was tight, and she gasped as my dick slid inside her. She clawed at the grass, begging for more. I kept pushing, thrusting in until her tight ass squeezed my entire dick. Then I stopped, shivering as I tried not to come.

"Fuck her for me," Ruth said.

"Screw you, bitch," Kathy replied. Their animosity was still going strong.

Ruth slapped Kathy across the face and Kathy gasped. Her ass contracted around my dick, and I couldn't help but shove up into her. I started fucking her tight hole, hardly able to believe what was happening.

Ruth positioned herself over Kathy. She was still wearing the strap-on, which she aimed straight at Kathy's

**"HER PUSSY WAS
WET AND HUNGRY,
BUT HER ASS
WAS TIGHT
AND GUARDED."**

pussy. Then Ruth was pushing in, and the pressure was mind-boggling. I could feel the movement of the strap-on through Kathy's vagina. It made everything tighter, and when Ruth starting thrusting as well, my dick felt like it would explode from overstimulation.

Kathy moaned and thrashed her head on my chest, but she took both dicks enthusiastically. She was pinned between us, totally vulnerable to the penetration, and the thought of having that much control over a woman nearly made me come.

Zoey knelt beside us and stroked my hair. "You can't come yet," she told me. "I need you to fuck me."

My mind was spinning. Was I

seriously supposed to avoid coming when I was this deep in a woman's ass? But I focused on Zoey's sweet face, on her flushed cheeks and full lips, and decided heroically that I would do whatever it took not to come before I was inside her.

I ran through the least sexy things I could imagine, but nothing was helping, so eventually I had to slide out of Kathy's ass and apologize. Luckily, Zane was more than willing to take over.

Zoey laid down on the grass in front of me and spread her legs to show me her shiny wet pussy. She slid two fingers inside herself. I could hear how wet she was, and I was desperate to get inside her.

My dick was going to explode. I gripped its tip, hoping that would be enough to keep me from coming. "Do you want anyone else to join us?" I asked. I was so horny and frantic for pussy that I barely managed to get the words out.

"I'll eat Priscilla out," she said.

Luckily, the world's kinkiest nerd was absolutely onboard with this plan. While I knelt between Zoey's legs, Priscilla straddled her face. She leaned forward to make out with me, and for a while we just kissed while I waited for the urge to come to recede.

I would gladly fuck anyone else as part of the experience, but my favorite thing was seeing Zoey beneath me. Her nipples were stiff, and her silly bat wings were bent underneath her. I fingered her while Priscilla rode her tongue.

Zoey orgasmed when I pressed down on her clit.

I couldn't wait a moment longer. I had to fuck her.

Zoey and I had both been tested. She had an IUD, and we'd already had the conversation about protected versus unprotected sex. So when I pressed my bare dick against her pussy, she groaned and grinded against me. "Yes," she murmured against Priscilla's crotch. "Fuck me."



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I pushed into her, relishing the press of her hot, silky walls around my dick. She was warm and wet and perfect, and as I thrust all the way in, I realized that I was beyond crazy for this girl. Here I was, at an orgy, and this woman was all I could think about.

Priscilla was still enjoying her perch on top of Zoey's tongue, so we made out a little more while I nudged in and out of Zoey's tight pussy. But at some point, I wanted Zoey for myself. "Go join the others," I told Priscilla.

I stared down at Zoey, who was looking up at me with dazed adoration. "What do you need?" I asked Zoey. This was the best sexual experience of my life, and I wanted to give her whatever she craved.

She pushed me off her, then lifted her legs up almost to her shoulders, using her hands to spread her thighs wide for me. "Fuck my ass," she said.

She didn't need to tell me twice. Thankfully, there was lube nearby, since everyone had apparently brought sex kits. I slathered my dick with it, then nudged against her puckered ass. Her pussy was wet and hungry, but her ass was tight and guarded, and feeling it squeeze around me was heavenly. I pushed into her an inch at a time, letting her get used to the feeling of my dick inside her.

Zoey never seemed to need time to adjust, though. She rocked her hips, sending me in and out of her ass. Then she locked her legs and arms around me and pulled me close. "Fuck me," she whispered in my ear.

I obliged her, starting slow and working up to a pounding. She loved when the sensations hit that edge between pain and pleasure, and she arched up and pinched her nipples when I got rough. I kept going, fucking her ass like a man on a mission while my thumb

pressed her clit. Remembering how it had felt with the soccer moms, I thrust my fingers inside Zoey's pussy and enjoyed how thoroughly I was taking her.

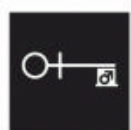
Zoey screamed when I started fucking her with my fingers and cock at the same time. She orgasmed hard, and her whole body shook.

I couldn't hold out any longer. I fucked deep, and the crisis point hit. Come poured out of me, filling her hot ass. I kept thrusting, and my come mingled with the lube, making the ride slippery and perfect.

When I was done, I rested my forehead against Zoey's. She giggled and kissed me. "You did great for your first orgy," she said.

"Oh, was that it?" I asked, even though I was exhausted.

"Well, no," she said. "If you're up for it, I can think of at least fifty things to do next." 



A VERY PERSONAL ASSISTANT

A domme gets a new personal assistant in the form of her ex's sex-starved wife.

By Mary Price

Call me "M"—for Martine, or Mistress. Context is everything, but in my world, business and pleasure are usually one and the same.

I run both a gentlemen's massage service and a dungeon full-time, so life is very full and I depend on a diligent personal assistant to help with daily errands and other routine things.

Even though there's nothing erotic about picking up my dry cleaning, or calling my internet provider, the person I let so closely into my life must be okay with the nature of my job and lifestyle. I don't just bring work home—I live my work.

My assistant needs to be like one of those "two in one shampoo/conditioners"—I need a sweet-tempered switch capable of taking charge of things when I delegate, but also pliable and "trained" enough to be take orders without question.

Last month, my assistant of three years quit to move out of state. I was so upset to lose her that my poor client, who wanted to be whipped that afternoon, probably ended up with the lashing of a lifetime. (He loved it, don't worry!)

But realistically, there were only so many willing bottoms to take out my frustrations on, so I tried to channel the strong emotion I was feeling into the search for a suitable replacement for my departed PA. Obviously this is not the kind of job that's easy to advertise on Craig's List or Indeed, so I've learned over time to put the word out in my local kink community. Nothing could have prepared me, though, for the email I received from Malcolm, a former flame of mine and fellow dominant.

We hadn't parted on bad terms or anything, but years had passed since I last heard from him. Without padding his message full of too many pleasantries, Malcolm informed me that he'd moved back to town with his new wife, Cora, and thought she might be ideal for my needs. His email contained some attached photos of her—and despite their tame, PG-rating appearance, I was feeling lust at first sight.

Cora had ivory skin that reminded me of freshly fallen snow. She was pin-up glam without the glaring red rockabilly lipstick—a classic, traditional kind of

"MALCOLM WANTED ME TO ACT AS A SURROGATE MASTER AND HELP BREAK IN HIS SWEET, SEXY WIFE."

beauty that honestly you do not see much of these days. I could also see from one of the photos that she had incredible legs that looked great in heels.

I quickly wrote back that I wanted to meet his wife as soon as possible—and that he was welcome to swing by as well. I received a one-line reply stating that Cora could come by at the end of the day.

At exactly a minute after five, I heard a pair of heels come clicking through the tiled entryway of my "office" building. There was Cora, all five-foot-four of her, with her adorable, petite

figure wrapped in a pencil skirt and a little silk blouse.

Halting when she saw me poised in the end of the hallway, Cora gave a startled smile. "Hello!" she said quickly. "You must be Martine?"

Could she tell I was already undressing her with my eyes? I smiled and approached her, feeling like a great white shark eyeballing a sweet little seal. But since it's generally rude to salivate when you first meet someone, I erred on the side of professionalism. Extending my hand, I said, "Hello, Cora," and we shook. Taking note of her neat French manicure, I added, "It's such a pleasure to meet you."

Cora smiled sweetly. "Well, thank you for taking the time," she said. "I know Malcolm really appreciates it—and he sends his regards."

I led Cora to a sofa in the adjoining parlor. "It's quite an operation you have here," Cora commented after peering around.

"It's grown. And I'm hoping to keep it growing. But as you can imagine, this is a lot for one person to take on singlehandedly. Which brings us to you."

At this Cora smiled, her eyes gazing modestly toward me. Then, in an earnest tone, she said, "Malcolm mentioned you needed a hand with basic, day-to-day things."

"Exactly." I sized her up again. She had excellent posture and sat very gracefully with her ankles crossed. The stockings she paired with designer, almond-toe pumps were high quality. Crummy stockings piss me off and are a non-negotiable "no" in my presence. I said, "Can you handle bookkeeping and receptionist duties?"

Cora nodded. "I did that and more for a small marketing firm back East."

"But as you can imagine, this is a very different work environment."

"Of course."

Locking eyes with her, I said, "Cora, tell me why is it that you want to work here with me? Also, what are you hoping to—for lack of a better term—accomplish, by working here?"

Cora broke eye contact and blushed a little.

"Well, I guess you could say I'm new to the lifestyle."

Now this was interesting. Leaning a little closer, I said, "Oh really?"

"Well, I got to know Malcolm mostly in a vanilla way, but since we got married things have been changing in our relationship—in a good way. I like letting him take charge. Though sometimes, I still have a hard time totally letting go."

"Letting go how?"

"Sexually," she said, shrugging. "It's a work in progress. You know, getting beyond my super-strict upbringing."

"Well, I know all about that. You're in good company."

"Malcolm thinks it would be good to get a broader perspective on what it means to serve. And also on the BDSM scene in general. I agree—I want to try."

Ah, so Malcolm wanted me to act as a surrogate master and help break in his sweet, sexy wife. I couldn't help but feel a little smug. "I understand," I replied. "I say we see how things go. There's nothing quite like learning on the job anyway."

"Really?" Cora said, smiling. "Oh, thank you so much!"

"First, though, I need you to stand up."

Cora blinked, then said, "Okay." She stood up, smoothing her skirt.

"I like the way you present yourself," I told her. "Especially since you'll be representing me and my business. But there's one thing I insist on." Gazing



into her eyes as I spoke, I commanded, "Lift up your skirt."

Cora looked a bit taken aback, but soon, and silently, she did as I asked.

I gave her a grin of approval as she revealed the lacy tops of transparent nude stockings and a white satin garter belt with matching panties. "Perfect," I said, clapping my hands emphatically once. "You can fix your skirt and sit back down. That's what I wanted to see, Cora." Smiling her sweet smile, Cora then asked a natural follow-up question: "So it's important I wear stockings?"

"I'm a stickler for proper attire in my presence. But I always take care of my assistants and make sure you have discretionary funds for nylons and garter belts. There's nothing quite like the sight of a heart-shaped ass framed by thigh-highs and a garter." As I spoke, an adorable blush crept up beautiful Cora's cheeks.

"Let me show you the play rooms," I

said. "Feel free to ask questions."

As a high-end domme who's also a certified massage therapist, I prefer my dungeon to resemble more of a sex spa than a dank cellar. The first playroom I showed Cora had gleaming hardwood floors and a wide bay window. A station for horizontal suspension sat directly across from the door—and Cora was clearly captivated.

"Is that like a sex swing?"

I smiled. "Sort of," I replied. "Do you want to try?"

After a brief hesitation, Cora nodded.

"Malcolm mentioned something like this once. I'm curious."

"Excellent. Take everything off. Minus the stockings and garter belt, of course."

Cora began unbuttoning her blouse, exposing a white satin balconette bra that matched her panties, and revealed the tops of her pale, lovely breasts.

"Very pretty lingerie," I said, pacing in a slow circle around Cora so I could

VARIATIONS

SEX TOYS



“SHE BIT DOWN ON HER LIP, STILL STRUGGLING IN VAIN TO CLOSE HER THIGHS.”

take in every aspect of her fine form.

“Thank you,” Cora smiled, wiggling her sweet derriere out of the pencil skirt. Her bra and panties came off next—and it was all I could do to keep from pouncing on her right then and there! Cora had pert, tear-dropped shaped B-cup breasts with small, rosy nipples, and a neatly groomed patch of dark pubic hair.

I reached for my riding crop and began slowly sliding it up and down her back and her bottom. I traced it along the curve of her waist. “Very nice,” I purred, giving one her nipples just enough of a tap with the crop to startle her. A moment later, I said, “Now, do you see those hand and foot restraints over there?”

Cora nodded. I gave her other nipple a tap. “Go ahead and slip those on. Once you’re in the restraints, I can adjust the height of the suspension. Some people find the experience of surrendering in this way to be quite liberating.”

Cora said, “I did a silk tie yoga

workshop once. I liked the feeling of weightlessness.” She held out her arm. “Is this on right?”

I nodded. “You’re a fast learner.”

Once Cora was all set with the bindings, I had her recline on the mat so nothing would tangle. She was so petite hoisting her up was a breeze. I maneuvered her into a position so that her legs were raised and spread wide apart, with her back parallel to the ground. This meant I had an unobstructed view of all her charms, from her pussy down to her pink asshole. Reaching out to steady her, I inspected her from inches away. “Beautiful,” I said, gently pressing on the hood of her clit.

Cora shuddered and closed her eyes. As you can imagine, I wanted to dive right in with my tongue, but with her small, sexy frame bound at my mercy, I couldn’t resist being a little devious. I retrieved my cordless wand vibrator from the nearby chest of drawers and flipped on the switch.

Cora opened her eyes when she

heard the distinctive humming.

“Let’s get you warmed up,” I said. Without further ado, I pressed the buzzing head against her bare pussy, teasing her outer labia.

Cora cried out and wiggled against her restraints. God, the sight was delicious, watching her try to close her spread legs. “See, not all BDSM is about pain, dear,” I commented. I lifted the wand away and ran my hands through her dark, luxurious hair. “Sometimes it’s about pleasure—overwhelming pleasure.”

I put the wand back on Cora’s pussy, grazing the top of the vibrator ever so slightly against her clitoral hood. “Ahhh!” Cora exclaimed, body rippling with pleasure in the restraints. She bit down on her lip, still struggling in vain to close her thighs.

Without letting up, I wiggled the buzzing wand between her inner lips. As excited as I was, I continued speaking to her with a cool, professional demeanor. “As my assistant,” I said, “I need to know you’ll comply with my demands. I need to know you’ll do what I say, exactly as I say to do it.” At this, I flipped off the switch.

Cora was panting, her hips gently swinging. “Yes, I will,” she gasped. Then she looked at me, eyes glazed with desire for more. “Please,” she begged.

I held her gaze. “Please what?”

“Please let me come!”

With a tiny smirk, I said, “It’s a good



sign that you're asking me permission already. And so politely. But let's get clear about something. Your pleasure is a reward. And I like to be generous about letting my assistants experience a wide range of it. But coming as we play? You'll only do that when I allow it. Is that clear?"

I picked up the riding crop and gave Cora's perfect ass a few slaps.

She winced and nodded. "Yes, it is." The expression on Cora's flushed face was priceless. It always is when a newbie is introduced to that perfect storm of pleasure and pain, of control and release. Cora's juices drenched her crease all the way to her asshole. I couldn't wait to thank Malcolm for this.

"I must say you're showing lots of

early promise."

Cora heaved a breathe, trying to manage her arousal. "Thank you," she said.

I moved the crop down to her wetness and let it rest on her clit. "Do you squirt?"

"Um, I don't know. I'm not sure..."

"If you don't know, you've never done it. Oh, well, lucky me..." I put the riding crop down and picked up the wand again. "Hope you're ready to work."

Cora's eyes widened as the wand began to buzz again. I teased her all around, slowly increasing the intensity until I found that sweet spot right above her clit.

She squealed sharply, her face contorting in pleasure. "Oh my god!"

At that point, I licked my middle and index fingers—not that she wasn't already lubed—and slid them inside her, turning them so I could stroke the anterior wall of her cunt and find that sweet G-spot. If you've never tried out G-spot play before, it's like a come-hither motion with your fingers, moving along until you find that spongy little patch that can singlehandedly short-circuit a woman with the right amount of pressure. Cora moaned louder and louder as I went to work.

"You like that, huh?" I crooned, her body writhing below me. With her face glowing and starting to sweat a little, Cora could only muster a nod.

I dialed up the wand's intensity and pumped my fingers in and out of her

VARIATIONS

SEX TOYS

pussy, stroking her G-spot in waves.

"Are you almost ready to come for me?"

Cora nodded again, desperate for release, and I pulled the wand away, scolding her. "I want you to look at me and give me a verbal yes or no answer!"

Gasping, Cora opened her eyes. "Yes. I'm ready to come for you, please."

"Very well." I switched the wand back on, and brought it into full contact with her clit. Cora's buttocks and leg muscles clenched as the wand and

my fingers did their work. I love how horizontal suspension lets me see every inch of my partner's most private areas. But with shy, kink-newbie Cora, it was even more of a thrill. The view of Cora's soaked pussy and asshole spasming in ecstasy under my control made me hornier than I've felt in a long time. A few moments later, Cora screamed, releasing a crystal-clear stream of girl-juice as the orgasm rocked her world. I let her ride out the ecstasy, then patted her on the thigh. "Good work, baby."

Taking a moment to catch her breathe, Cora sighed blissfully. "Thank you," she said.

"Would you like to come down now?"

"Yes, please," she said, nodding.

No sooner had I released Cora from the restraints than she seemed to realize her nakedness and vulnerability. She tried to cover herself. I rolled my eyes, picked up the riding crop, and

swatted her arms. "Don't ever let me see you do that again," I said firmly. "Covering yourself in this place is a no-no."

"Of course," Cora said. "I'm sorry."

"Now, look down. You see that? You left a puddle on the floor. That's how hard you came." Cora looked down and smiled at the sight. "Wow," she said.

I folded my arms and gave her a stern look of reproach. "Are you just going to stare? Clean it up. Supplies are in that cabinet. You can also wipe down the wand. Under no circumstances do you ever leave a mess in my play room!"

Cora looked at me a bit dazed, but quickly nodded. "Yes, of course. I understand."

"Go on now, I'll wait." I relaxed on the chaise lounge, and thoroughly enjoyed the view of fully nude Cora on her hands and knees wiping up the floor, and then polishing the Hitachi wand like bone china.

"Very good work, dear," I said when she finished. "Time for another reward."

I got up and retrieved my favorite purple strap-on and leather harness. I slipped off my pencil skirt and panties, but left my red corset on as I donned the strap-on. I brandished the shaft. "Do I need to tell you what to do with this cock?"

"No, ma'am," Cora said softly, getting on her knees.

I face-fucked Cora for a few moments, ensuring the toy was nice and wet. Then I strapped her to the padded spanking bench in the middle of the room, positioned on her hands and knees, and got ready to enter her with the strap-on, doggy-style.

But first I teased her opening with the thick shaft. "Do you want this big cock in your pussy, Cora?" In response, this petite beauty moaned. "Oh yes, please fuck me!"

Her pussy was already soaked from our earlier play, so I reveled in stuffing

"I LET HER RIDE OUT THE ECSTASY, THEN PATTED HER ON THE THIGH. 'GOOD WORK, BABY.'"



her hard and fast with the toy, knowing I was tormenting her G-spot all over again.

Whimpering, Cora said, "Can I.... Can I please come again?"

I pulled the strap-on cock out of her pussy. "Maybe," I whispered in her ear. "Tell me something: Has Malcolm fucked you in that sweet ass of yours?"

Cora nodded in reply, her hips swaying gently before me.

"Good, because I think we need to pay that ass some attention." I lubed up one of my stainless steel butt plugs and slid it right into her rosebud.

"Oh, fuck," Cora whispered, tensing as the plug slid all the way inside.

"Yes," I said, smirking. "That's better." I resumed fucking her pussy with the big strap-on cock. And this time when she begged to come, I gave her permission. She wailed, her body shaking. Afterward, of course, I made her clean the toys and put everything back the way it was—including herself.

Relaxing on the chaise lounge again, I watched this beautiful woman get dressed.

"The job is yours if you want it. But only if you really want it."

Buttoning her blouse, Cora looked square at me. "I can start tomorrow."

"Perfect. I'll need you to stop at the dry cleaners first thing—and don't forget to change your stockings either. I'll be checking."

"I hope so," Cora said, smiling, and touched my arm.

I raised an eyebrow and moved my arm away from her hand. "Uh-oh, it seems we need to address some other rules." I led her down the hall into another playroom.

That night I sent my new personal assistant home to her husband still quite wet. Being wanded and fingered and fucked in every hole will do that. A few hours later, I got an email from Malcolm consisting of only two words: "Thank you." 



FAIRE MAIDEN

I work at Renaissance Faires. That probably sounds crazy to most people, but to my small subculture, it's the best life possible. I travel around the country with fellow artisans and performers, sleeping in tents and enjoying the simple life. We chat, drink, and have sex at night, and during the days, we perform traditional handicrafts. I'm a leather worker, which means I make clothing, belts, and accessories and sell them to drunk Faire visitors. Depending on weather, attendance, and a host of other factors, the job can either be tremendously rewarding or very stressful.

The great part about the Ren Faire life is the chance to meet new people while abandoning some of the social norms that constrain us. I used to work in admin before I got into the Faire life, and I was utterly miserable as an office drone. My life is a thousand times better

now, even if the money is inconsistent.

One of my favorite things about the Ren Faire is how easy it is to get laid. It feels like the summer camps I remember attending as a horny adolescent, except everyone is of age and I'm much more successful. Leather working has given me muscles the ladies admire, and since the Faire lifestyle involves a lot of booze, inhibitions get lowered quickly.

Last season, we were near Los Angeles at one of the best festivals: The Original Renaissance Pleasure Faire. It's always a great festival because film industry people make incredible costumes. The weather's also good, which means business is booming. The quality of the actors is high, so it makes for fun scenes and improvisations.

But the main reason I love the Original Renaissance Pleasure Faire is because of a certain member of the Queen's Court. "Queen Elizabeth I" makes frequent appearances at the Faire, and one of her ladies-in-waiting is a stacked

brunette with the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. I've seen her multiple years in a row, and every time it feels like I've been shot with Cupid's arrow.

Her name is Rainey, and prior to the last season, I'd only spoken with her a few times, although we eye-fucked each other a lot. But last summer, I was determined to make an impression.

Many of the performers go home after the day's activities are done, but some of us stick around for the party. One night we were gathered around a campfire eating hot dogs and drinking beer when Rainey and a few other ladies showed up. I shifted over on the bench to make room and was delighted when she sat next to me.

"My lady," I said, bowing with a ridiculous flair.

She rolled her eyes. "You don't have to keep up the act."

I didn't need to, but Rainey was the kind of woman I wanted to treat like a princess. I wanted to worship her and bring her gifts and let her tromp all over me with her pretty silken shoes if she wanted to. And I'd had just enough beer to tell her so. "It isn't an act," I said with more confidence than I should have felt. "I'd love to serve you, my lady."

She giggled, then looked me up and down. "Oh, yeah?" she asked in a sultry voice. "What would you do?"

Now, I'm a confident guy—clearly, since I earnestly and wholeheartedly participate in Renaissance Faires—but something extra came over me then, a nearly preternatural confidence. I leaned in to murmur in her ear. "I would worship your body," I told her. "I would lick and suck and kiss whatever you wanted me to. I would make you come over and over again."

Her eyes widened, and we stared at each other for a few long moments. Then she set her beer down, grabbed my hand, and tugged me up off the bench.

I ignored the whistles of my friends as



“A FIRM PUMP HAD ME ROLLING MY HIPS, ALREADY EAGER TO GET INSIDE HER.”

she led me away. “Which tent is yours?” she asked as we stumbled away from the fire pit.

I led her there, and as soon as the tent door was zipped behind us, she was on me. She kissed me passionately, and I was surprised and delighted by her vehemence. Apparently I wasn’t the only one who’d appreciated our eye-fucking sessions.

I pushed her onto my huge air mattress. She’d changed back into jeans and a camisole, so I tugged them off, leaving her in a matching bra-and-panties set. She stripped my shirt off eagerly, then fumbled at the buttons on my pants.

I kissed from her neck down to her breasts as she loosened my pants and pushed her hand inside. She maneuvered past my boxer briefs and clasped my dick in one soft hand. A firm pump had me rolling my hips, already eager to get inside her.

“Call me ‘my lady’ again,” she whispered.

“You have the most beautiful breasts, my lady,” I said, tugging the cup of one bra aside so I could suck her nipple.

“What about my cunt?” she asked, and the lewd word sent a tingle over me.

I scooted back on the air mattress, cursing how cramped the tent was, and then hooked my fingers around her panties and drew them down. Her pussy was perfect, just like the rest of her, and I breathed in, enjoying the scent. Then I dove in, licking her enthusiastically. I slid my fingers inside her pussy, awed at how wet she already was.

She tugged on my hair. “Tell me about my cunt,” she demanded.



“It’s the best cunt in the world, my lady,” I said. “I could eat it all night.” I sucked on her swollen little clit, enjoying the way she shivered.

She seemed to like extra pressure, so I replaced my lips with my fingers and rubbed her clit in tight little circles. She gasped and lifted her legs so her feet were resting on my back. She grinded against my fingers, urging me on, and soon she was coming. I kept licking and rubbing through the whole shuddering experience, feeling like the most talented person on the planet.

She finally pushed my hand away. “Your fingers are callused,” she said, sounding dazed.

“I’m sorry, my lady.” Calling her that was getting hotter and hotter with every moment.

She grinned at me, looking disheveled and sleepy. “No need to be sorry,” she said. “It was fantastic.”

She guided me up to settle between her legs, then kissed me. My dick was hard, and it rubbed against her wet pussy with every shift of our hips. I pumped over her, wishing I could be inside all that wetness.

Rainey pushed me away, then turned us so I was lying on my back on the air mattress and she was kneeling over me. She rubbed her pussy over my dick a few times, getting it nice and wet. Then she put her hand over my throat.

“Do you have a condom?” she asked, squeezing slightly. “I want you to serve me with your thick cock.”

We were apparently engaged in a full-on role-play scenario. I fumbled for my bag and retrieved a condom, then unrolled it over myself. “Does this please you, my lady?” I asked, fisting my cock to show her how thick it was.

She considered it as if weighing the merits of my dick. “It’ll please me more once it’s inside me.”

I held my erection in place while she raised her hips over me and guided me in. She was wet from her orgasm, and she slid down easily, although she was still tight as a glove. She gasped and threw her head back once I was all the way inside. The tent was nearly dark, but the moon provided enough illumination that I could see the arched line of her back and the look of pleasure on her face. She raised her hips up and sank back down, stroking my dick with all that sweet, hot skin.

I held her hips and let her test out the fit of my body in hers. Soon she’d grown accustomed to it, and she shifted until she was leaning forward. The position allowed her to slam back onto my erection with a decent amount of force, and once she combined that with a hand over my throat to hold me in place, I thought I might die of pleasure. She was riding me, using me, and I wanted

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

“SHE PUT HER HAND OVER MY THROAT. “DO YOU HAVE A CONDOM?” SHE ASKED, SQUEEZING SLIGHTLY.”

her to take everything she wanted.

The pressure at my throat was making me lightheaded. I told her so, and she loosened her grip a bit, then slapped me in the face. The sting startled me, but then my skin flushed with tingly warmth, and it just added to the pleasure. “Again, my lady,” I told her.

She slapped me on the other cheek, then punched my shoulder. I moaned, loving the solid hit of her fist. I begged her for more, and she obliged, slapping and battering me with just enough pressure that the blows lingered. She leaned further forward and bit my neck, and that sharp spike of pain was better than anything. My hips jerked up, and my dick pressed deep. She gasped and threw her head back, so I did it again, bucking up into her with as much force as I could manage. I held her to my chest as my hips worked and my cock slammed into her.

“Make me come,” she commanded.

I was happy to oblige. I reached for her clit, then set up a solid rhythm with both my hips and my fingers. She was still on top, but I had all the power at that moment, and I used it mercilessly.

She gasped, and her body stiffened, then shook all over. She trembled through her orgasm, muttering incoherently as the pleasure washed over her. Then she collapsed on my chest, breathing hard. “Huzzah,” she murmured, sounding nearly drunk with pleasure.



I laughed at the classic Ren Faire cheer. “Huzzah,” I echoed. But my dick was still hard, and I burned with the need to come. I nudged up into her, and she sighed and sat up.

“Your turn,” she said, reaching behind herself to fondle my balls. “Fuck me like you mean it.”

I gripped her hips and bucked up into her like a runaway bronco, jamming my dick as deep as I could. Her nails dug into my chest as she rode me, and then I was coming, blissful and fierce. I shook and clenched as the release rocketed through me.

We cuddled on my air mattress afterwards. She nuzzled my neck. “I like it when you call me ‘my lady,’” she said.

I grinned. “Well, my lady, I’m always happy to serve.”

—J.H., San Diego, CA

PUBLIC DISPLAYS

My new girlfriend Nikki was the least inhibited woman I’d ever been with when it came to public displays of affection. She would French kiss me at the mall or give my manly butt a squeeze right on the street.

I laughed one time when she was doing just that, then had to explain when she gave me a look.

Chuckling, I said, “It’s just I’ve never been with a girl who would just grope my ass out in the open like that.”

Nikki grinned. “I felt like giving your fine ass a squeeze, Dev.”

We walked on. It was a nice day and we decided to cut through the park on the way back to her place. I was hoping some mid-afternoon sex was in the offing. Nikki was freakin’ hot.

We walked hand-in-hand in silence a while, then Nikki, looking away, suddenly said, “Hey, now *that’s* some public displaying!”

I turned, didn’t see anything at first, then I stopped dead and gawked.

In among the trees about thirty yards off the park’s pathway, a man with his pants halfway down was moving rhythmically behind a woman who had her skirt flipped up onto her back. Somehow it took me a few extra seconds to understand and believe what I was obviously seeing.

“What’re they *doing*?” I said, stupidly.

“Can’t you guess?” Nikki laughed.

“But--but--out in the open like that...”

“They’re kinda hidden by the trees.”

“Then how come I’m looking right at

them?!” And I was, watching the guy fuck the woman from behind, both of them standing, her hands braced on a tree trunk.

Nikki said, grinning, “Looks like they’re having fun.”

I had to agree. They were also giving me a serious hard-on. It’s not every day you get to gape at a couple fucking live. The path was empty except for me and Nikki, but others could come along at any time.

The man was speeding up, going into final overdrive it looked like. I stood there with Nikki and watched them finish, both bodies wracked by orgasm. Then they snatched their clothing back into place and fled away from us.

“Think we scared them off?” I asked, shaking my head in wonder.

“Dev, they wanted to be seen. Or at least wanted the possibility that someone *might* catch them at it. C’mon.” We resumed walking.

I was still staggered. “Where’d they find the balls to do that?”

“Some people like public sex. The danger. The risk.” She reached over and abruptly groped me again, this time briefly cupping my crotch. After that, we pretty much ran to her place and fucked like crazed monkeys until the sun went down.

But I couldn’t get the images out of my mind. I had no idea who those people had been, and they certainly hadn’t known us. Yet we’d witnessed them at their most private. The experience had been both anonymous and fantastically intimate at the same time.

It started to seriously arouse me. I’d never felt quite this way before. It was like discovering a new kind of sexual excitement. I replayed the memory over and over. I started imagining what it would have been like to be the man, fucking the woman from behind, in public, barely screened by the trees.

Things continued to go great with

Nikki, like they had from the beginning. She was smart, funny, awesome in bed. But my obsession kept on growing, and I didn’t know what the hell to do about it.

She caught that something was preoccupying me.

“Is something wrong, Dev? This past week you’ve been...” She shrugged. “Is something going bad with us?”

My heart climbed my throat. I did *not* want to lose Nikki. I jumped in with bland reassurances, then realized I should just tell her the damn truth. She deserved to know, and I trusted her.

So I told her I couldn’t stop thinking about the park incident, how it got me totally horny every time I called it to mind. I thought she might get mad. But I’d underestimated her.

After a thoughtful silence, she said, “When you imagine it, do you picture yourself having the sex? Or is it the watching that excites you?”

It was almost a clinical question. I answered, “I’m doing it.”

“Then it’s not a voyeur thing. Good. ‘Cause I didn’t know how we might recreate that.” She grinned. “But if you want to fuck out in the open, where any stranger might happen by and see us, then I’m your girl. Let’s go fuck in the park, babe!”

Again I was gaping, just like on that afternoon when all this had started. I kissed her, then began grinding against her.

Laughing, she broke the kiss. “Save it for the show. Now let me get into a nice short skirt...”

She changed, and we went out, heading to the park. I was excited and nervous as hell.

The park was big. She surveyed the landscape, finally pointing toward the artificial lake with a stone bridge crossing it. She led me down to the lake’s edge, away from any paths. No one was around under the leafy trees.

She faced me and pulled me toward her. We resumed that kiss from earlier.



VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



Her lips parted and our tongues tangled. I pressed against her, and she backed up against a tree. My cock grew hard, and I rubbed it right on her. She ground back against me.

Nikki always excited me. But this was something new. Though we were under the trees, we weren't completely hidden. She reached around and grabbed my ass. I groped her tits through the top she was wearing.

She reached down into my jeans' waist and dug her fingers into the meat of my ass cheeks, which made me press my cock harder against her. Her hips bucked. We were kissing furiously now, wet mouths working together.

Her hands moved, sliding around my waist to the front. She undid my fly and pulled down the zipper. She'd told me to leave my briefs behind. I had.

My throbbing cock sprang into her hand. She gripped me tightly, giving me a few expert pumps. Excitement ripped through me.

I grabbed the hem of her top and peeled it up over her tits, exposing them to the air and daylight. I'd seen her breasts countless times, but this was

special. I saw them in their full, pink-nippled glory, sweet luscious mounds.

I put my hands to them, squeezing. Her nipples were as hard as bullets. I tweaked them both, twisting just the way she liked it. She heaved her chest at me, moaning aloud. She continued to fondle my cock. My jeans were in danger of slipping off my hips.

I was aware of the breeze, of the rustling of the leaves, of the open sky above the trees. I felt a strangely delicious sense of exposure. It made my cock ooze a string of milky precum.

Bending down, I kissed Nikki's tits, nibbling on those stiff nips. Then I went lower. She helpfully raked up her skirt and leaned back against the tree. She wasn't wearing panties.

I put my mouth right on the drizzling slit of her pussy. Her taste stung my tongue. I licked her up and down, then delved inside, getting her deep hot flavor.

Her clit was a swollen bud, and I ran my tongue tip over it again and again. She growled, deep in her throat, and jammed her pussy on my face. Her hips jerked. She humped my mouth as I

tongued her like a demon.

She came with a sharp cry and a flood of pussy juice, which I drank dutifully down, not wasting a drop.

When I rose to my feet, she went down on her knees. Without a hesitation she yanked my jeans halfway down my thighs and put her wet lips around my thick cockhead. Pleasure raced up my body.

Her talented tongue swirled me, then she was sucking in my inches. I looked down, watching my cock disappear into her mouth. She took the whole veiny length of me, applying skillful suction, swallowing me right down to my simmering balls.

As her head worked up and down in a perfect rhythm, I started shoving into her mouth. She depththoated me fearlessly, taking everything I had. When she groaned, I felt the hum of it. It added to my mounting ecstasy.

But I didn't want to unload in her mouth, as much as Nikki likes to eat my spooge. She must have had the same thing in mind. Suddenly she pulled her mouth off me, stood up and turned around. She put her hands on the tree and pushed her ass back toward me. I flipped her skirt up onto her back, exposing her gorgeous backside. Her pussy was a glistening groove, awaiting the thrust of my cock.

I stepped in behind her, but something tugged at my attention as I did. I looked to the side, out over the lake, to the stone bridge. There were two people at the middle of the bridge. A man and a woman, standing there. Watching us.

An unholy ripple of excitement went through me. They saw us. Why I found that so hot I didn't pause to wonder about. I wanted them to enjoy the show.

I slid my cock into Nikki from behind. She moaned appreciately as I reamed out her well-licked hole. I sank myself all the way in, touching her deep.

I gripped her hips and proceeded



to fuck her like an animal. We didn't spend any further time on preliminaries. I started out at a good speed. Our fleshy impacts echoed faintly across the water of the lake.

She rocked back against me as I stroked into her. I felt the warm clenching of her pussy. She was gripping the bark of the tree like a shipwreck survivor clinging to some flotsam. Her head whipped from side to side as I began to seriously pound her now.

In the middle of it, I looked again to the bridge. The couple remained there. They were plainly watching us. Even at this distance I thought the man wore a

**“SHE LED ME DOWN TO
THE LAKE’S EDGE, AWAY
FROM ANY PATHS. NO
ONE WAS AROUND UNDER
THE LEAFY TREES.”**

shocked expression. The woman was grinning, like what they were seeing was just some urban phenomenon: city tree fuckers on display!

Those strangers' gazes heightened my pleasure. I fucked my girlfriend at mad speed. My cock blazed in and out

of her pussy. When I felt her quiver and shudder, her come set off my own. I jetted spurt after spurt of liquid rapture.

Quickly I pulled out and yanked up my jeans. Nikki flipped down her skirt, and hand-in-hand we fled laughing through the trees.

—Dev R., via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email to: letters@penthouse.com



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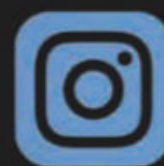
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